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SCENE

FROM THE THIRD ACT OF SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS.

Another part of the field of battle. The towers of Rheims are seen in the distance, tipped by the sun's rays. A Knight in black armor, with his vizor closed. Joan follows him to the extremity of the stage, where he stands and awaits her.

Joan. Abhorred foe! I know full well thine art.
With feigned flight thou hast beguiled me hither
From the red fields of carnage, and averted
From many a British head the stroke of death.
Now o'er thine own hangs ruin.

Black Knight. Why dost thou
Pursue with eager rage my footsteps thus?
'Tis not my fate to perish at thy hand.

Joan. Deep hate for thee stirs up mine inmost soul,
Hateful thou art, as night, which is thy hue!
A powerful instinct urges me to drive thee
From the sun's blessed light. Who art thou? Raise
Thy visor. Had I not seen warlike Talbot
Fall in the battle, I would surely say
That thou wert Talbot.

Black Knight. Is the Prophet spirit
Silent to thee?

Joan. Deep in my soul it cries
That one accursed doth stand before me now.

Black Knight. Joan of Arc! even to the gates of Rheims
On Victory's wings hast thou been borne. Suffice
The fame already won! Dismiss thy Fortune,
That like a slave hath served thee, ere herself
With scornful ire she break her short-lived bondage.
A foe to Constancy, she follows none
Unto the end.

Joan. I' the midst of my career
Thou bid'st me pause, and quit the mighty work!
I will complete it, and fulfil my vow!

Black Knight. Nought can withstand thy power, Invincible!
In every field the conqueror! Trust no more
Thy fortune in the battle!—Heed my warning!

Joan. This sword shall never leave my hand, till fallen
Is England's pride.

Black Knight. Lo! yonder rise the towers
Of Rheims, the goal and end of thy career!
The dome of yon cathedral mayst thou see
Burnished with light; there in triumphal pomp
Shalt thou soon enter, and thy Monarch crown,
Thy vow fulfilling.—Enter not those walls;
Turn backward—heed my warning!

Joan. Who art thou,
With double-tongued deceit, who wouldst affright me,
And lead me into error? What seek'st thou,
Proclaiming thy false oracles to me?

[*The Black Knight attempts to depart, but she steps in his way.*]

Nay—stand and hear, or by this hand thou diest!

Black Knight. (*Touches her with his hand—she stands motionless.*) Slay what is mortal!

[*Darkness, thunder and lightning; the Knight vanishes.*]

Joan. (*Stands at first astonished, but soon collects herself.*)
'Twas nought of life: 'twas some deceitful phantom
Of Hell's abyss, some dark rebellious fiend
Ascended from the gulf of quenchless fire,
To shake the spirit in this dauntless breast.
Whom fear I, while I bear the sword of Heaven?
Victorious onward will I urge my course;
And though all Hell stood forth against me, never
Shall this arm sink, this soul belie its courage!

For the New-Yorker.

AUTHORS AND READERS.

BY JAMES S. MACAULEY.

The obligations which we readers owe to authors, in return for their sincere friendship towards us, independent of their toils and sacrifices for our edification, can never be adequately discharged within the narrow compass of threescore years and ten. But this fact does not entirely exonerate us from any expression of thanks to them. It is incumbent on us to omit no opportunity of presenting the feeblest testimony of our sensibility in this matter. Of course, their calamities would not be in the least removed thereby; but it might afford them some gleam of satisfaction to discover that their manifold protestations of regard are not thrown away. No conscientious reader will deny that his heart has constantly yearned towards the majority of authors—solely on account of the interest which they have manifested in his behalf—since his early advances among the classics of our vernacular down to the present period. On the contrary, he well remembers, and will freely acknowledge, with what implicit belief, in the key-day of youthful feeling, when every thing deemed to be invested with the hue of truth, he relied upon every statement which an author would make in his preface, especially if it were freely interlarded with compliments.

Let us look at the prefaces of our most approved authors, if we would learn their extraordinary kindness towards us.—Noble-hearted men! frankly confessing their inadequacy to do the subject in hand that justice which its importance demanded, they had nevertheless been constrained to investigate it as far as their limited abilities would allow, under every variety of disadvantage, humbly trusting that their feeble efforts would attract the attention of those who were tenfold more competent to the task. Prompted by an ardent desire for the weal of mankind, they had sacrificed every scruple of timidity at appearing in print—many a weary hour which should have been devoted to sleep, and a world of strength that might have been beneficial to the frame; and finally they trusted to the discernment of posterity for a just appreciation of their labors. Some of them, distrusting their own powers of composition, have magnanimously undertaken the revision of standard works of trans-Atlantic origin, and their names are now wedded to the titles thereof. In these revised and corrected editions, the result of their assiduous labors is, after a critical examination, perceived in the expurgation of one or two slight verbal inaccuracies, "which their comparatively limited knowledge of the subject assured them would not have been passed over by the author in a second edition," (I quote from the preface of an Americanized book,) and after being cloyed by the substance, in a little outside crust of appendix. Some of them will spend years in carefully rummaging the drawers of notorious individuals after their decease, and, selecting some of the choicest papers, bring them before an admiring world, strung together upon a most fine-spun thread of original remarks, under the name of Biography. And there are many who, with the most disinterested kindness, have devoted their time and talents in simplifying various subjects taught in the schools, and brought forth the most admirably condensed and ingeniously arranged 'manuals,' for the use of the rising generation. Now how unkind in us to underrate the labors, the judgement, and the ingenuity of such indefatigable writers, by calling them compilers! Unfortunate men! can the professorships, the reputation, or the emoluments which they enjoy, atone for this abrasion on the epidermis of their honor!

But the day of prefaces, with their unalterable apologies and delicate confessions, is wearing away. Authors are beginning to dispense with the formality of this preliminary bow, and to meet us on terms of the most unreserved intimacy. With some, we are hale fellow well met; with others, valuable acquaintances; and with many, very many, bosom friends and closet companions. For my own part, I am both surprised and delighted at the troop of literati that every day's perusal brings within the circle of my friends. This is surely something worth living for; let the world, or this sublunary sphere, or this vale of tears, as it is wont to be called, wag as it will, I regard it with a cheerful aspect, on this account at least. Through whatever subject I stroll, to pluck its fruits or cull its flowers, I hear many voices, pitched in the most winning key, calling to me from the hedges, the trees, and the knolls. Gay young men and women, such as Pindar would have loved to aim his honey-toned hymns at, step forth on every hand—one linking an arm in mine—another whispering soft nonsense in my ear—a third warmly grasping my hand—and a long retinue dancing at my heels. Every ramble I take in the field of light literature is like a triumphal march. Is this fiction! is it exaggeration!—by no means. I appeal to every one's experience in proof of the contrary. Recently, I sat down to peruse an agreeable article in a periodical. "Gentle reader!" was the salutation, and this the valedictory: "but I must now bid thee farewell. Oh, how I hate to do so! I have already contracted a friendship—a strong liking to thee, because of thy patience in listening to my tale. Perhaps thy head is grey and frosted—if so, I uncover mine, and return my heartfelt thanks; or thou mayst be young, and of mine own hardy sex—if so, I would fain hold thee by the button, and discourse a little longer; nay, I would fain seat thee beside me, in this my little sanctum, and offer thee the last, the solitary cigar which lies upon my table. Take it and welcome—I never smoke myself." Dire necessity compelled me to take the will for the deed, but I shall ever esteem that gentleman for his courteousness.

If, however, we are amused with these writers, there are some with whom we weep—because, according to the Horatian maxim, they first weep themselves. Unhappy sophomores! condemned by inexorable fate to store their minds with the treasures of learning, and sentenced for life to solitary confinement at hard labor among the materials which other unfortunate mortals have excavated before them, for the crime of a holy ambition; aware, too, that their remains will be exposed in the temple of Fame, open to the gaze of an admiring world. Day or night bringeth no cessation to the student's toil. While the ignorant and blissful peasant goeth about his hewing of wood and drawing of water in the chill atmosphere, he is confined to his easy-chair, with his feet compelled to be perched up on the mantle, his legs exposed to the genial influence of a sugar-loaf stove, 'red with uncommon wrath,' his head reclined upon the acute angle of a soft upright cushion, and his eye-lids strained over the convexity of his eye-balls by a cwt. of lead. While the peasant is snugly embraced in the arms of Morpheus, (capacious arms those!) the pallid student, with the death-damp on his marble brow, is at his midnight toil, digging gnarled Greek roots and oxydized antiquities by the dim uncertain light of that death-dealing taper, fed by a little winter-strained oil, and that none of the best. While thousands are reposing in the lap of ease, (an ample lap that!) he is intently engaged in probing the doubtful wick of that midnight lamp, canonized in song, yet implicated in a thousand murders.—While thousands of meaner intellectual calibre are rolling in wealth and living on the fat of the land, he is forced to despatch his frugal and nutritious meals at stated intervals. No roses are scattered in his rugged path—no bland zephyrs fan his throbbing temples. His way of life has full soon fallen into the sere and yellow leaf and chestnut-burr, like that of the bare-footed cow-boy on a frosty morning, whose feet are lacerated, whose fingers ache, and whose nose, like the muse of Milton, that 'soars with no middle flight above th' Aonian mount'—is slightly blue. True, like him, he stops now and then, to draw forth a *gout* of wild honey from some old hollow tree; but these cannot be relished by reason of the compulsion under which he acts. How gloomy must be the lot of these young gentlemen! for they are generally susceptible to the last degree; and while they are secluded from this beautiful world, at dreamy twilight or during the silent night-watches, bright-eyed shadowy forms, such as their few and momentary bird's-eye glances abroad have revealed to them, stealthily approach and beckon away their hopeless imaginings. But ah, some obtrusive incident recalls them to the dull reality of their prosaic existence; perhaps the fire becomes low and requires stirring, or that abominable taper must be trimmed, when the velvet-footed fairies flee aghast.

This business of acquiring knowledge is cruel in the extreme, and ought to be modified. The sublime truths of science should be disclosed to the young gentlemen's minds at once by the full blaze of intuition. Why should they be groping through the unwholesome everglades of discipline,

with only a glimmering star revealed at long intervals to cheer them on! Why should they be immured within the narrow compass of a dormitory, sitting in black-cloth and ashes! The residence of Mr. Catherwood in an Egyptian tomb, whose doors, tables and bedsteads were constructed of coffin-lids, while he was investigating the antiquities of that remote region, may be analogous, but in truth is not a circumstance in comparison with their habits of living. Yet their patient endurance is remarkable; if they may murmur and squeak, like the axles of a team, the burden of lore which they sustain is a sufficient excuse. I have heard these complainings so long that they have grown musical to my ear, especially as they are mostly pitched in the minor key. Yonder, on the bottom shelf of that case, neatly piled on the broad plane of Joseph Dennie's classical 'Port-Folio,' lie the cherished numbers of a College Magazine, in two volumes; the unhappy abortion 'had this extent, no more.'—The precise object of the work seems to have been, a convenient form of presenting the sorrows of the young gentlemen to the world; and indeed it answered the purpose pretty well as far as it went. Various were the expedients to which they resorted; some would grieve a few stanzas to 'Mary'—that name being the ideal of love in poetry; some would paint little tablets of their own harrowing adventures, as the shipwrecked Roman mariners did in the days of Perseus; and some would weave little plots of tartan story, in which the sombre and gay colors occurred according to the strictest rules of regularity. The editor, however, was a man of business and acquainted with grief. The duties and responsibilities of his station were imperious and overwhelming—sufficient to annihilate a common man. As it was, he came to his table care-worn and heart-stricken. For him the sun had no smiles, and the intrusive breeze only scattered his MSS. Yet, amidst all his perplexities, he kept an eye single to the interests of his patrons; this impelled him to action; and the consciousness of having discharged his duty from one number to another was a source of unalloyed satisfaction which could only be felt, not expressed. In proces of time and law, however, he was compelled, with his whole army of contributors, to ground arms. He said not a word, but with a smile worthy of a martyr gave up the unprofitable ghost. Days, weeks, months, seasons and years have had their changes since then, and these dyspeptics in literature have become men of sterling sense and hopeful progeny. Long life to them!

But although the individuals to whom I have just alluded have happily escaped the turmoils of early efforts in composition, they are only offshoots of an interminable vine that will still continue to spread over the ruins of joy and hope.—We must not therefore relax in our efforts to prop up its branches; if they will not absolutely cling to darksome crevices, let us give them the benefit of a little sun and air.—There are some authors, however, for whom we should have no mercy—those who adopt the epistolary form, and reserve all their endearing epithets for some particular individual.—If they are anxious to entertain all, why not scatter their compliments?—if merely to cater for one, why do they publish? We may be *gentle* readers, but we are extremely jealous too. A word to the critics; Never suffer such dubious writers to shield themselves from your arrows behind such a paltry stockade.

With the exception of the last mentioned, if the generality of light writers were to say nothing of pointed kindness to us, we need desire no better proof of their deep-rooted affection for us than the style of their works presents. This is lucid, graphic, suggestive, or any thing else we crave.—It subjects us to no labor of thinking; it gives us picturesque views of matter and things; it leaves the filling up to our own imaginations, when proper; it is free from exhortation—people are proud of their own code of morals, and dislike advice on this head; it falls in with our prejudices, and never unduly agitates us. What meed of gratitude can we therefore bestow? Buy their works?—ay, and laud them, and preserve them too—placing them most prominently in our libraries and on our tables, and loaning them far and wide. Such authors as Scott, Byron and Shakspeare may do well enough to consult now and then, but what feelings had they in common with us? what regard had they for our personal comfort? None. Here we are, the most complacent class in the republic of letters, waxing 'fat and kicking' with their kindness towards us; do not let us therefore betray the confidence they have reposed in us, by throwing aside their productions, or disgracing them by applying them to baser uses for the sake of the paper that contains them.—Let us take waste paper for wrappers,—and, Katy, do take that fragment out of your ringlet, for as I live it contains a sweet lyric to as sweet an air! Smooth its wrinkles, and learn to sing it; who knows but what its nameless author may some time or other happen near while you are trolling it out? Think how his heart would flutter at the sound!

I was much struck with this truth on hearing the following anecdote of Ferguson the Scottish poet, from the lips of a kinsman of Robert Burns. (Worthy friend! should this meet your eye under Georgia's sun, it will recall an 'Attic night.') At the close of a fatiguing day's journey, Ferguson once found himself within sight of a cottage. As he drew near, wayworn and homesick, in the solemn hush of twilight, his ear was saluted with the music of one of his own well-known songs, in a voice of bewitching power. He approached the enclosure, and through a crevice perceived a light-hearted maid, relieving the tedium of domestic labors by her sprightly tones. Presently he revealed himself, and begged a bowl of milk, which she cheerfully offered him, at the same time expressing a hope that it might prove refreshing. There was a world of meaning in his thanks as he bowed and passed on. The girl broke forth again in the same strain, unconscious of the poet's identity; and it gratified him more, on this account, than if he had listened to it from the lips and harp of the highest born dame in the land; for it proved to him that its kindred with the heart had recommended it to the humble maiden.

To return from this episode: Let us remember how fearful a thing it is for these authors to commit themselves to the ocean of public opinion, unapprized of the storms and adverse winds that may drive them to and fro, or dash them to pieces. True, some of them may be mere coasters, but even these may be sunk by the floating ice of repulsion. Literature, as well as nature, is now suffering from a severe winter; we should not be regardless of the comfort of its votaries.—This humble essay is merely a relief-boat sent out by an underwriter.

And now, should any real authors chance to peruse these remarks, may they pardon a little 'soft impeachment.' One good turn deserves another; and they shall be called kind, friendly, indulgent, or amiable, if they will just receive a few cautionary hints. Firstly, most of us readers are decidedly opposed to excessive manipulation in literary confectionery; less twisting, less multiformity, and less diversity of coloring in one and the same subject, would be preferable. Ingenuity is not originality; and a particular theme, if too freely offered to us, will cloy in spite of the variety in which it may be disguised. If a sweet thing is to be presented to us, we should prefer it in a crystalized form, so that when the mass of glittering verbiage is melted away, the tow-string nuclei of order may still remain—the skeleton may recall brilliant associations. There is the subject of Love—in reality a very good subject, but with the majority of you, gentle scribblers, your sole mountain of resources. It is the place of your fountains, your vegetation, and your minerals, but completely scarified with your injudicious excavations. You resemble the avaricious proprietor, who, to make his mine yield more abundantly, ordered the pillars of solid ore which supported the roof, to be razed and drawn out; whereupon the whole fabric fell in, and nothing but unprofitable fragments could be procured afterwards. We readers, when we descend into your regions to view the fine things, are entirely at your mercy; and if you still persist in hammering away on this material of love, which alone supports the load of earthly cares over our heads, we shall all be overwhelmed in ruin. Pray, gentle authors, diverge a little from the pole of your affections; the meridian of Greenwich has been diverging for more than a century, and yet the world goes on, and navigators conform to the variation. But whatever you do, let your heroines live to a green old age. You suffer too many of them to waste away when young. Cherish them, and we will do our utmost to have the entire race of canker-worms swept from their rosy cheeks—or to have them indicted for grand larceny. Think of this.

And we readers, as in duty bound, amid the gloom of this vale of tears, promise to be highly entertained, whether your 'spontaneous, original, native force' burst forth like a long-pent fire, illumining the atmosphere and flecking the very sky of intellect; or whether your *ignis fatuus* of merry conceit dance hither and yon among the marshes of tribulation in which as mortals we are steeped.

[The following lines were forwarded long since, but by some mischance failed to reach us till last week. A statement of the fact is due to the authoress, as many pieces founded on the same affecting incident, have recently appeared. *Ed.*]

For the New-Yorker.

THE WRECK OF THE MEXICO.*

BY ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

Swept by a fearful gale,
Rocked by an angry sea,
With riven mast and sail
A stranded vessel lay.

And o'er her fated deck
Ran many a haggard form,
Like phantoms of the wreck,
Or spirits of the storm.

No spectres dread were they—
But bold and bearded men,
And youth and infancy,
And women pale and wan.

They bore no titled name,
Born but to want and toil,
And self-exiled they came
To find a freer soil.

They caught their scanty gold,
Each clasped the one most dear;
With cries to wake the dead
They rent that troubled air.

And must they perish there,
The promised land before them?
In vain that shriek—that frantic prayer—
The waters stiffen o'er them.

Oh! for the incarnate God
To stay them by his will!
The Prophet's voice to bid
That setting sun stand still!

It sinks—and Midnight's veil
Is o'er that ruin cast—
And feeble swells that dying wail
On that terrific blast.

Their tears freeze as they fall,
Unheard amid that roar,
Their last low murmuring call,—
'T is done—the strife is o'er.

What human power shall trace
The horror of that hour!
That agonized embrace
On which Death had no power!

Those cries that pierced to Heaven,
From lips unused to pray!
Those last fond memories driven
O'er that tempestuous sea,

Back to their squalid homes
Left for the plenteous West,
Back to their own Green Isle
That starved them from her breast.

The tempest sang their dirge,
And the treach'rous sea moaned loud,
And cast its icy surge
O'er the wanderers for a shroud.

And the fierce and crested waves
Were the funeral trains that bore
Those corses to their graves
On a free and generous shore.

* See the report of the British Consul.

War.—Prince Eugene, who was one of the very ablest among the renowned Generals of his day, and who gained honor in many a well-fought field, made the following remark in relation to war:

"The thirst of renown sometimes insinuates itself into our councils under the hypocritical garb of national honor. It dwells in imaginary insults—it suggests harsh and abusive language—and people go on from one thing to another, till they put an end to the lives of half a million of men.—The call for war proceeds generally from those who have no share in its toils, as ministers, women, and the lounging politicians of a large town."

For the New-Yorker.

THE HARP OF THE MINSTREL.

"It is related of a celebrated musician that at the moment he expired, the strings of his harp were broken by an invisible hand."

Upon a silken couch
The Child of Song was lying;
And through the open casement
The summer wind was sighing;
And orange buds were wafted
Upon the perfumed breath,
And rose-leaves there lay scattered
Within the room of death.

"Bring forth my harp," the minstrel said,
And let me once again
Recall the soul's deep witchery
That dwells within its strain;
For still the memory of the loved
Around my fond heart clings,
And each low note of melody
Some dear remembrance brings."

With trembling hand he swept the chords,
And notes so soft and clear
Ascended on the evening air
That angels stooped to hear,
And marvelled, as they heard the strain,
That aught so bright had birth
Within the dreary confines
Of the dark and sinful earth.

Again, as with a magic hand,
The minstrel struck the lyre;
Once more his deep and sunken eye
Glowed with its wonted fire;
His thoughts were on the battle-field
In all its proud array,
And with that gush of melody
His spirit passed away!

Enraptured by the thrilling notes,
A spirit hovered nigh;
And, as she gazed upon the harp,
A tear-drop filled her eye.
She spoke: "And shall another's touch
Awake thy strain? no, never!"
She drew her hand across the lyre,
And broke its chords for ever! GENEVRA.

For the New-Yorker.

A GLANCE AT ENGLAND, FRANCE, &c.

('GLEANINGS OF TRAVEL.')

England and France are within two hours' sail of each other—have received the impressions of like marauding forces in the olden time—have fought side and side under the same consecrated banner upon the plains of the infidel, and have made mutual treaties as fast as they have broken them; and yet, Englishmen and Frenchmen are as unlike as Malays and Circassians. An Englishman crosses the Channel, to lavish his sovereigns among the 'moustached *parley-vous*,' and to assume the carriage of a lord—ay, almost of a god—among his hereditary foes; and returns, grumbling with discontent that wife or daughter ever made him fool enough to exchange the substantial comforts of his home for the ideal pott of his frog-eating neighbors, whom he christens lean and slipper'd pantaloon,' fiercely digesting the speech of great Cæsar—

"Would he were fatter:—but I fear him not;
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius."

The black-eyed, sharp-witted Gallican, on the contrary, wears a fascinating smile, pockets the gold of grave John Bull with a complaisance that would undo a wiser man, and flatters the swelling vanity of any translated braggadocio, while he privately laughs at the credulity of *mi lord*, and bears him the hate of inherited antipathy or of the mortifying memorial of Waterloo. The one is antipodal to the other, in thought and deed; the one returns an injury with a compliment—the other with a blow; the one forgets his misfortunes in a polacca or pirouette at the opera—the other in the bosom of his domestic affections; the one salutes his king with vociferous shouts of *vive le Roi!* and conceals the assassin's poignard under his mantle—the other quietly uncovers to his sovereign, and abhors the regicide from his inmost soul. *Monsieur*, if Catholic, observes the ritual of the Romish mass on Sunday morning, at St. Roch or Notre Dame; and his absolved conscience, buoyant as merriment itself, conducts him to gay and swarming suburban *guinguettes* to enjoy the remaining day, or takes him to the glittering fetes of Tivoli, the equestrian displays of Franconi, or the natural impersonations of Mademoiselle Mars, until the midnight bell warns him home. His philosophy chills at England's usage, and cannot reconcile to its reason the peerless contentment of the devotional throng that hallows its glorious hebdomad, from morn till night, in pouring forth songs of ardent praise, and in uttering prayerful sounds of fervent gratitude to the beneficent Author of this vast existence. He cavils at the islander's serious face, but more at these religious practices, which he deems inimical to the generous intentions of the Creator, and subversive of the essential principles of pure Christianity, which only purposed the happiness of man. There are theologians, I ween, who would moot this point, and, perchance, fully prove that happiness is too frequently a dream—a phantom much sought after, not more palpably existent in the heartless, transient gleams of Parisian pleasure, than in the exercise of forms of worship that give an unseen gladness to the heart, predicated of hopes of a future unfading crown of celestial worth. The Frenchman is thus constituted; he has received the impress of centuries—and centuries must roll on their eventful tide before he will be other than the gay, the sparkling, and the pleasure-seeking, or before he will change his present sentiments, and forgive his insular rival his sober, manly visage, or for being one who

"——loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing."

I have been a quiet observer of these characteristics of two great nations, famous in arts and war, that have thus arisen unbidden before me, as I have canvassed the mutterings deep, but not loud, which are constantly betraying the smothered bitterness and ill-concealed dislike that must be developed before the cruel civil war that is now desolating unfortunate Spain shall find a close in the indisputable success of one of the claimants for the throne. The two countries, like an uncongenial wedded pair, have ever been engaged in petty skirmishes until some furious hostility has wrought a separation, when they have as frailly sought a truce which has proved equally feeble in its permanence. The last union was that of the Quadruple Alliance; and England and France have prated of balance of power, and of their dear relationship, each with their warriors' hands upon their hilts. Thus it was in the days of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' when two sovereigns rivalled each other in acts of chivalric courtesy and in tokens of implicit confidence, while each was studying the elements of a grand national policy, the more sinuous, entangling and overreaching, the more glorious. Metternich and Talleyrand are still employed in the councils of Europe, and their systems of government have become a text book for every politician who does not scruple to add all that memory can gain from the past, or that invention can render profitable from the present.

The carnage in Spain was terrible, and the land of the myrtle and olive was streaming with the blood of its princes, its statesmen and peasantry. It was the strife of friend against friend—of family against family; and consanguinity was a tie that urged the belligerent to plunge his stiletto into his father's or brother's heart. Humanity seemed to have found its grave; and excesses, whose recital made the blood curdle in our veins, presented a nation of fiends rather than of men. Where had the high-born chivalry of the ancient Spaniard departed? Where was that valor that once gave Spain supremacy in the fields of battle?—that learning which shed its light throughout the world? Alas! civil factions had uprooted the generous principles of her earlier history, and the cruelties of the Grand Inquisition had found zealous imitators among her degenerate children. If there ever was a country that required intervention to arrange its domestic affairs—at least, to check the merciless waste of human life, it was distracted Spain. If there ever was a case, in the catalogue of governments, that apologised for the introduction of foreign strength to alleviate human misery, it was the case of wretched Spain. Yet the Quadruple Alliance existed, as a Rubicon that none could pass; and France and England nestled in disquietude, as ambition or mercy impelled the one or the other to lend its intervening aid. A stern jealousy manifested itself in Cabinet philosophy, which most eloquently expatiated upon the wisdom of Ministers—upon the maintenance of the great Alliance, and upon the fortuitous results that this grand union was conferring upon the world, while half of Spain was involved in mutual massacre;—forsooth, a fortuitous result! But while Cabinets were publicly exulting, the people were indignant; and assistance, covert if you please, has achieved a victory for legitimacy, which, if judiciously managed in inspiring the treacherous and cowardly adherents of the Queen with assumed nobleness and valor, may avert the prospective horrors of this unnatural contention. The crisis is rapidly approaching—a crisis fraught with importance to the world; and the subsidies of individual enterprise are evidently acquiring the sanction of a powerful kingdom, whose disavowed assent may mask intentions that will ultimately enlarge its resources and augment its power. Even now the barb rankles in Europe's bosom; and while the coffers of Don Carlos overflow with the gold of northern potentates, and a French princess is arrayed in a bridal robe, to yield her hand to the triumphing Charles the Fifth so soon as the regal wreath encircles the usurper's brow, the wise men of the Continent are convened in anxious suspense, and listen to the fancied distant roar of England's fearful lion, or ponder upon the vision of her swelling canvass whitening the sea. The imperial eagle has retired to his eyrie, leaving his effigy alone upon the triumphal arch of France; but if his ambitious master could spring from his ocean-environed charnel house, the bird of Jove would again soar above its myriad of standards, and the Emperor's ranks would be full of avenging men, who frown meaningly and fiercely, under the cautious and peace-preserving dynasty of Orleans, at the superior diplomacy of British statesmen.

And what has English diplomacy countenanced? A legion of British subjects has been organised, who have fought side and side with the soldiers of Castile. St. Sebastian is filled with the troops of the legion, and this important post and military key to the French kingdom has been recently supplied, by the steamers of England, with all the essential equipments of a citadel; and Bilboa was invested by the sanguine army of Don Carlos—its enduring defenders were encountering the concomitant horrors of a siege, and the vacillating conduct of the Queen's relieving forces was rendering their retrieve apparently hopeless, until the marines of a *British* fleet were foremost in the fight, and compelled them to conquer. Is this intervention? "No," replies Lord Palmerston, with the calmness of a Machiavel; "it is mere co-operation."

And has France been indifferent? Redress has been demanded from Switzerland for aggrieved national honor, and the fortresses upon her frontiers have been garrisoned with fresh battalions, until her offended dignity has been appeased, and ancient amity re-established. The African streams have been dyed with human blood, and Constantine, representing another Moscow, has been a witness of an element-created disaster, that royal Prince or valiant Marshal could neither foresee nor prevent; and a hundred thousand soldiers have been idly pensioned to be corrupted at Strasburg or Vendome, while the Castilian received no aid from France. Is this intervention? "No," says ex-premier Thiers; "a murrain upon the stiff-necked king of the barricades!—but it is not my fault that the meaning of intervention has not been practically understood in the affairs of Spain."

Now comes the development of the rivalric affections of our Channel-separated countries to which I have alluded. He of the *grands nation*, in looking beyond Bayonne, vapors hugely; he is dissatisfied with rulers at home, but more with rulers abroad. He speaks with caustic bitterness of England's infringement of the alliance—of her military advancement in Spain—of her possession of the invaluable inlet of St. Sebastian, as a meditated project of her insatiable ambition. His *amour propre* is goaded to vexation at the increased reputation of her fighting-men, and at her enhanced popularity of name among the assisted in proceeding fearlessly on to the rescue. He rails at his Cabinet for inaction, and want of tact in po-

litical politesse. His Cabinet replies, with perfect nonchalance, while the little Infanta is taught to prattle of the perfidy of her cousin, loving and royal Orleans, that it labors for the glory of France, and has pursued the principle of non-intervention, simply allowing co-operation! Whenever occasion offers, the journal or the citizen is tinged with hostility, to a late example of which I will advert. The Queen of Madagascar sends an Envoy Extraordinary to the court of France, to establish commercial and friendly relations. One of the press regards the overture with indignation as a derisive mockery, and indulges in the sharpest invective against the secret influence of England, which, it presumes, has instigated this embassy, that the French may have the semblance of reaping advantages, while England is fully conscious that she preserves a sway that will allow her a tyrannical monopoly with seeming justice and impartiality.

John Bull has a philosophy within him that passeth all understanding, and he cherishes a species, *sui generis*, of exceeding good nature, by which he will not commence his antipathy with more than a supercilious curl of the lip toward *Monnseur*; and although his expressions may gain point by progress, his conclusion will scarcely advance beyond contempt. He does not reciprocate the Frenchman's abuse by charging him with intervention, but, as an apology for home policy, abuses him for a ridiculous non-co-operation.

These are the gleams of feelings that, pent up by the revolution of July, have broken forth at this juncture, and are indicative, perhaps, of more serious events than interchanges of verbiage. Spain forms a volcano, upon whose crater the nations of Europe are steppping;—and let them take heed lest her consuming fires extend their warmth to the Tuileries or St. James—to Berlin or St. Petersburg! The late salvation of Bilboa has not terminated the contest,—although the Queen has converted Espartero into a Grandee—has ribboned her officers and soldiery, and conferred, by letters royal, the title of 'unconquered' upon her loyal city of Bilboa. The Ministry of France is beset by the under-currents of Court intrigue, and its dissolution will be effected before another Meunier attempts to assassinate his sovereign, or statesman Thiers closes his career as a connoisseur of paintings and models at Rome. Unless Louis Philippe is more than mortal man, the price of this broken Cabinet will be intervention! The tri-color will wave over the hills of Spain; England will be prompted to divide or to contend for her influence, and the Quadruple Alliance nullity will form a subject for a crusade which may extend from the Autocrat to the Citizen King. If Europe remains in quietude, England and France will find an apple of discord in Spain. If not, and Europe trembles beneath the colossal strides of the Russian despot, a vital policy must reconcile England and France, without a unity of feeling, to a harmony of action.

The Emperor of Russia is gifted with an intangible, anomalous existence. At one time his life was almost extinct by the overturning of his chariot; at another, he was gasping from the bullet of a conspirator; at another, a commission of lunacy was in progress for His Imperial Majesty; and he is now dispensing with the use of side arms at fashionable balls, His Highness being gravely engaged in setting the example of Court etiquette at St. Petersburg. I hope, for the credit of humanity, that he has the apology of lunacy as an atonement for his unfeeling policy toward the unfortunate and brave Polanders, and for his unmitigated cruelty and insult toward them, or any vestiges of their former fame. Who would suspect that an acknowledged patron of the fine arts would sacrifice an example to gratify personal hatred! The chivalrous countrymen of Poniatowski, at an immense expense, employed the talents of the brilliant Thorwalsden to create a superb bronze statue of Poland's hero. An Alexander could allow its erection in Warsaw, and could admire this choice specimen of art, although representing the foe of Russia. A Nicholas manifests his magnanimity by hurling it to the earth, and ordering its transportation to the foundry of Modlin! No more by this packet. Adieu.

GERALD.

London, January 19th, 1837.

PAGANINI.

In our remarks on the musical genius of Italy, we had said, that south of the Alps lay the fount from which flowed periodically the whole refreshment of the musical mind of Europe. One of these periodical gushes has burst out in our own day, and with a power which has never been rivalled by Italy herself. Paganini has commenced a new era of the king of all instruments, uniting the most boundless mastery of the violin with the most vigorous conception. Audacious in his experiments on the capacity of his instrument, yet refined to the extreme of subtlety; scientific, yet wild to the verge of extravagance, he brings to music the enthusiasm of heart and habit, which would have made him eminent in perhaps any other pursuit of the human faculties. Of a performer who has been so lately before the public, and whose merits have been so amply discussed, it would be superfluous to speak in detail. But, by universal consent, Paganini has exhibited in his performance all the qualities combined, which separately once gave fame. By a singular adaptation, his exterior perfectly coincides with his performance; his tall gaunt figure, his long fleshless fingers, his wild, eager, and wan visage, his thin grey locks falling over his shoulders, and his singular smile, sometimes bitter and convulsive, always strange, make up an aspect which approaches nearly to the spectral. When he comes on the stage, half crouching, slowly creeping onward, as if he found his withered limbs too weak to bear him, and with his wild eye glancing by fits round the house, he looks not unlike some criminal escaped from the dungeon where he had been worn down by long confinement, or a lunatic who had just been released from his chains. Of all earthly forms, his is the least earthly. But it is when the first uproar of reception is stilled, when the orchestra has played its part, and the solo is to begin, that Paganini exhibits his singularity and his power in full view. He has hitherto held the violin hanging by his side; he now raises it up slowly, fixes his eye upon it as a parent might look upon a favorite child, gives one of his ghastly smiles, lets it down again, and glances round the audience, who sit in the profoundest silence looking at this pantomime, as if it were an essential part of the performance. He then seizes it firmly, thrusts it close to his neck, gives a glance of triumph on all sides, waves his bow high above the strings, dashes it on them with a wild crash, and with that single impulse, lets out the whole torrent of harmony.

Peculiar as this picture may seem, it is only so to those who have *not* heard the great master. To those who have it will appear tame. He is extravagant beyond all bounds; yet his extravagance is not affectation, it is scarcely more than the *natural* result of a powerful passion acting on a nervous temperament, and naturalized by habits of lonely labor, by an all-engrossing imagination, and by a musical sensibility which seems to vibrate through every fibre of his frame The whole man is an instrument.

It must, however, be acknowledged that this eccentricity in his latter performances sometimes injured his excellence. His mastery of the violin was so complete, that he often dared too much; and by attempting in his frolic moods—and his frolics are frenzies—to imitate things altogether below the dignity of music, he offended his audience. One of his favorite freaks was the imitation of old women's voices! He imitated birds, cats, and wolves. We have heard him give variations to the pretty air of the 'Carnival de Venise,' the variations consisting of imitations of all the cracked trumpets, the drums, the fifes, the squeaking of the children, and the squabbles of Punch. These were follies. But when his better genius resumed its influence, he was unequalled; and probably will remain unequalled for another generation. He enjoyed one result which genius has too seldom enjoyed—extraordinary emolument He is said to have made, during the single year of his residence in England, upwards of £20,000. His half share of the receipts of a single concert at the King's Theatre was said to amount to seven hundred guineas. Thus, in his hands, he established the superiority of the violin as a means of production over all others, and even over the human voice. Catalani, in her days of renown, never made so much by single performances. Paganini has now gone to Italy, where he has purchased estates, and where, if he is wise, he will continue and live on his fame. If he is weak or avaricious, he will return to England; when his powers will have decayed. he will meet the reception of so many great performers who have forgotten that time makes inroads on every thing; he will receive pity where he once conquered applause; and like Mara, Giardini, Rode, and a host of others, he will fly from the country, disheartened and disappointed, to hide his head in some obscure corner of the Continent, where he will leave his money to his housekeeper, his body to the monks, and die.

The novelties which Paganini has introduced into his performances have been highly panegyrized. Those are his playing occasionally on a violin with but the fourth string—his pizzicato with the fingers of the left hand, giving the instrument something of the effect of the guitar—his use of the harmonic tones, and his staccato. That these are all novelties, that they add to the general compass of the violin, and that they exhibit surprising skill in the performer, we entirely allow. But excepting the staccato, which is finished and elegant, we have not been able to feel their peculiar value. That they may be the opening of future and wide triumphs to this beautiful and mysterious instrument, we believe perfectly possible. But in their present state they appear rather tricks than triumphs, rather specimens of individual dexterity than of instrumental excellence. The artist's true fame must depend on his appeal to the soul. Paganini was born in Scura, about 1784. He looks a hundred.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ICELAND.—The following account of the island of Iceland may perhaps be interesting to our readers. It was discovered in the year 861, by the Norwegian pirate Nadod. The first colony, consisting of Normans, was established in the year 874. In 928, its constitution of government had become aristocratic. This constitution endured three centuries—the period of the island's greatest prosperity. Christianity was introduced there in 981. In the middle of the thirteenth century, it submitted to Norway, and in 1380 was, together with Norway, united to Denmark. These changes were ruinous to its prosperity. Its commerce diminished by degrees, and fell into the hands of foreigners; it lost also its reputation for eminence in the arts and sciences. Calamities of various sorts gradually diminished its population—The plague, several kinds of epidemics, the small pox, the incursion of pirates, in turn afflicted this unfortunate isle.—In the year 1530, the first printing press was established here; the Reformation was introduced towards the middle of the same century. In 1703, its population amounted to 50,444 souls; in 1809 to 48,063; and in 1822 to 48,386; at present the number is 49,269.—The greater part of the children die before the age of ten years. The whole population dwells on the sea-coast; the interior is absolutely uninhabitable. It is the usage among them for the minister, in the name of the suitor, to ask the hand of the lady. They have no national dance. Their mode of singing is monotonous, and their war-songs resemble confused cries. The island is very poor in vegetables, and the fruits of the trees seldom reach maturity. Barley is cultivated there. The reindeer has been naturalized since the year 1770; it is seen in considerable herds. As for domestic animals, it is computed that the island contained, in the year 1822, about 28,443 horses, 21,803 head of cattle, 348,752 sheep, many goats, and a very few swine. The country is divided into three bailiwicks. It has a bishop, nineteen provosts, a pharmaceutical institution, and five surgeons.

ANECDOTES OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.—When the French fugitives entered Konigsberg, many of them made a most ludicrous and motley appearance, having, in their retreat, accommodated themselves with garments of every description and color. One of the most conspicuous instances was a French general, who arrived, riding on a little pony, wearing a lady's pink silk cloak, with hat and feathers to correspond. Another general, who, on the retreat, found himself alone, riding through a forest at night, scarcely knowing in what direction he was proceeding, was not a little pleased at perceiving a light, which seemed to issue from a cottage. He accordingly rode up to it, and hearing, as he approached, loud voices within, dismounted, and went cautiously forward, uncertain whether the inmates were friends or foes. Happily, he heard them talking French, and, on entering, was still more gratified at recognising some men of his own regiments. His first question was, whether they had any thing to eat? to which they replied, they had a piece of meat at the fire. This was, indeed, good news; and some hot steaks being served up, the general, as well as his men, did them ample justice. The former, however, remarked, that it would not be prudent to stop longer; and that, as they were now strengthened by a good meal, it would be best to set out immediately, and desired them to bring him his horse. Your horse, general, said they, why you have just been eating a piece of him. How do you think we should have got meat, if you had not so luckily brought us a supply? We intend, now, to carry off as much as we can of the choicest parts, to subsist on by the way." The German Tourist.

NATURAL HUMANITY.—Antiquity has preserved a beautiful instance of this quality, in an anecdote of Alexander, the Tyrant of Pheres, who, though he had so industriously hardened his heart as to seem to take delight in cruelty, insomuch as to murder many of his subjects every day, without cause, and without pity; yet at the bare representation of a tragedy which related to the misfortunes of Hecuba and Andromache, he was so touched with the fictitious distress which the poet had wrought up in it, that he burst out into a flood of tears; the explication of which inconsistency is easy, and casts as great a lustre upon human nature, as the man himself was a disgrace to it. The case seems to have been this: In *real* life he had been blinded with passions, and thoughtlessly hurried on by interest or resentment; but here, there was no room for motives of that kind: so that his attention being first caught hold of, and all his vices laid asleep, then *nature* awoke in triumph, and showed how deeply she had sown the seeds of compassion in every man's breast, when tyrants, with vices the most at enmity with it, were not able entirely to root it out.

[From the Knickerbocker for March.]

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

'GIVE you good den,' Reader. We have been deprived of each other's companionship for several weeks, and for my part I am becoming lonesome without your eye. I love that you should scrutinize my sentences—appreciate a good thing, if I happen to acquit myself thereof—and use that thrice blessed quality of forgiveness with respect to a bad one. It pleases me to think that eyes whose mor'al glance will probably never meet my own, may linger for a moment on my page, and that some thought may be conveyed, through those starry and lustrous media, to a spirit not displeased. * * * *

Old JOHN MILTON, whose pale statue looks down upon me with 'ful gret solempnite' from his niche, as I write, enlarges with great gusto upon the married state, and his verdict has been quoted a thousand times; but I believe that respectable gentleman, and tolerable author, found at last that the state matrimonial, as far as himself was concerned, was not so delectable as the airy tongue of fancy had syllabled to his ear. But the truth is, Milton was not a fair judge. He was no more fitted to possess a wife, than Richard the Third was. The reason is obvious. He was engaged in the construction of gorgeous castles in the air: spirits that 'play i' the plighted clouds' were his familiars; and the battles that he superintended in heaven, and the hot work that he had of it in the other place, were enough to keep him in a perfect and constant fever. How could such a man come down to the bread-and-butter concerns of every day life?—the gentle hint of Mr. Russell the tailor, with whom he boarded in Bunhill Fields, that it was about time to elevate the pecuniary *quid pro quo* for victuals and drink that had fulfilled their offices in his incarnate tabernacle? How could he go to the green grocer's, and get a cabbage for Mrs. Milton, or any thing of that sort, when he was busy in populating Pandemonium? or see about procuring for himself a new pair of unwhisperables from his host, when he was engaged in arranging a throne for Apollyon, and drawing the convention of his peers together, to make speeches, and discuss matters of public interest? Indeed, his kingdom was not of this world; his mind soared away from the dim dust and smoke of London, up to the gates of Paradise, to pastures of eternal verdure, rivers of refreshing waters, and thoroughfares of bullion, glistering in the violet and golden radiance of an unfading sky. Supposing that one of his little responsibilities had bawled in his ear for a sugar-plum, just at the moment when he had got Satan into one of his heaviest fights, a kind of gravy running from his wounds? Would he not have exclaimed, petulantly, (in the identical words which he puts into the mouth of the Arch-fiend,) 'Oh hell!' It is quite likely—and perhaps followed up the ejaculation with a box upon the ear of the young offender. The truth is, he was always in *nubibus*, or else above them; his mental retina expanding, and drinking in the imperishable and glorious prospects of the upper world. He had not the serenity of Shakspeare. His wing was not so strong; but like 'the sail-broad vans' of the Great Enemy, he waved them as if they were moved by the impetuous rush of a whirlwind. For the common things of this work-a-day world, he cared little or nothing. He was *among* men, but not *of* them. The only woman that he ever sincerely loved, was Eve. He attended to her with constant devotion. He prankt her pathway with roses; he spread around her the amaranth bowers and banks of Eden and Asphodel; and the hand which he bequeathed her was, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'well watered and timbered.' He hated Satan 'as he did the devil;' and I am inclined to think that he has exaggerated the demerits of that famous individual.

But I am wandering. I demand back my spirit for other matters.

READER o' mine, have you been sleighing this winter? There were some three days of the genuine weather for that object, in the Philadelphia meridian, and the improvement thereof was great. Every one partook of the general joy. Little dogs ran like mad through the streets, and their barks were a mingling of laughter and yell, evidently the produce of excessive *animal* spirits. It was delightful to embark in a full sleigh, bells ringing cheerfully in the ear, the city lessening in the distance at one's back, and the broad white waste of the country expanding to the eye! There is a sense of chastened solemnity about the dull brown woods, mingling afar with the pale blueness of the distance, and the crimson of an evening sky, fading gradually behind their branches,

> 'While soft, on icy pool and stream,
> Their pencilled shadows fall.'

I hardly know of any thing which carries me more forcibly back to younger and purer days, than a winter's scene. There is something in sleigh-ride remembrances that stirs a potent witchery of pleasure in the very depths of the heart. Sometimes when, after a heavy fall of snow, a southern wind has arisen, bringing rain upon its wings, and when the breath of Boreas has afterward breathed over it, in competition with his *opposite* neighbor, a gloss shines over the whole face of the earth; and, as the sun rises or goes down, the entire radius of the horizon seems like a waving ocean of blue and gold! *Then* to see the sun go down, or to see it rise! *Then* to see the large dazzling stars in the vault of midnight, or the moon walking in brightness, or suspended like a vast balloon of transparent light in heaven! Then the soul goes up to GOD: there is an eloquence in the stillness of the night; the ear *hums with silence*, and fairy voices seem breathing from the snow. The unclouded grandeur of Omnipotence kindles the mind: there is solemnity in the howl of the watch-dog from the hill-side—in the sluggish clouds, rolling their languid and fleecy skirts upward from the horizon.

SLEIGH-RIDING and skaiting are my delights. Give me a satisfactory pair of *high-dutchers*, curled fantastically over the toe of my boots, the straps nicely adjusted, the line of steel ringing and thrilling along my *sole*, the Delaware or Fair-Mount dam for my theatre, and I can enact more wonders than a man—playing such tricks before high heaven, that a disinterested angel might bend complacently from his pavilion in the upper air, to scrutinize my gyrations, and see how I performed.

Sliding down hill, on the other hand, is an eminent bore. I wonder at my urchin infatuation in having ever patronized it. There is such a world of labor, and such a meagre amount of pleasure. One half of it, to use an appropriate phrase, is 'up-hill business.' If there are any young countrymen among my readers who have a lake in their neighborhood, I can tell them of a system greatly in vogue when I was a student. The following is the recipe:

Take a pole, say twenty feet long; place it on a little upright stick of wood, cut so that at the top two branches may be removed, so as to be something in the shape of a letter Y: let this be fastened in solid ice, when the lake is right firmly encrusted, and safe as a floor: then place the pole at the bottom of the triangle described by the branches of the upright stick; let a long rope be at the end of the pole, and at the end of the rope a sled, with runners that cross each other at right angles, under a high box, filled with boys and girls, properly seated. Two stout fellows can easily turn the pole in the cavity of the Y, something in the way in which an oar is pulled in a regatta. Wait a moment, reader, I beseech you, and see the effect, when the impulse has crept to the rope's end The sled starts like a comet behind time: it describes a far-off circle, widening and widening; the passengers can scarcely see; they breathe quickly but happily; and I verily believe that (being conscious of safety, even were the ice as thin as a wafer,) any goodly company of young people thus engaged can enjoy a very satisfactory prologue to the sensations of an æronaut on a trip, and feel as Virgil did when he begged Mæcenas to rank him among the lyric poets:

> 'Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.'

WELL, after all life itself is but a dim prologue to that day of days, when the curtain of eternity will be lifted, and 'the swelling act' begin! The thought is a deep one. Here, we are begirt with mystery. The Past rises with its shadows, only to the eye of Imagination: of the Wrong that has flourished and been successful, we know not yet the destiny: of the Right that has suffered, in weariness and painfulness, we know not the reward. Who shall unravel the marvel, or dispel the illusion? Of the events which happened, reader, when we were yet 'in the dark night of our fore-boings,' or ever the stars, or the moon walking in brightness, or the sun—glorious shadow and faint type of GOD!—had touched our mortal vision, who shall tell? The time gone is a dream—the time to come, unknown. Truly did one of yore, say, as he discoursed of sepulchral mementos, and turned his thoughts to the lofty structures of Egyptian ambition: 'Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh upon Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and *turning old glories into dreams*. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she *mumbleth something*, but what it is, he heareth not.' Thus it is, that the position of our being defies all primary or ultimate inquiry. If we look back, there is a point where knowledge fades into conjecture; if onward, we stand upon the border of a sea which has but *one shore*, and whose heavings beyond are infinite and eternal! Of what avail is it, then, that we bend over the lore of antiquity, or wax pale over the lamp of midnight—that we walk in the fields, catching the faint utterance of the voice of God? We spend our strength for nought; the clouds roll with an uncomprehended impulse; the wave heaves, the verdure brightens, the wind turneth in its circuits—but what are we? We drink the sunshine and the breeze; passions warm us—doubt overshadows—hope inspires—fear haunts us: but we are still in mystery. Pleasure and pain are equally uncertain; the morrow is in a mist, and yesterday is nothing. Our friends die—God changes their countenance and takes them away—and where is the balm for so bitter a sting? It is to consider the earth as no abiding place; to rely on a power beyond our own; to disdain the sneer of the bigot, the hot language of the zealot, and to cherish in one's heart of hearts that essence of the beatitudes—*the religion of life.*

> Let no vain hopes deceive the mind;
> No happier let us hope to find
> To-morrow than to-day:
> Our golden dreams of yore were bright—
> Like them the present shall delight—
> Like them decay.
>
> Our lives like hastening streams must be,
> That into one engulfing sea
> Are doomed to fall:
> The sea of death—whose waves roll on,
> O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
> And swallow all!
>
> Alike the river's lordly pride,
> Alike the humble rivulet's glide
> To that sad wave;
> Death levels poverty and pride,
> And rich and poor sleep side by side,
> Within the grave!

To *this* complexion, at last, must we come: and our questionings of the elements, or of the mind, are alike in vain. How often has passionate Grief invoked the hosts of heaven to restore the lost! Yet when the clod has once fallen with its hollow sound upon the coffin-lid; when its melancholy echo has sunk unheard over the tuneless ear of Death, who that has stood by, and heard the requiem for the departed soul but has wondered for its flight? Where is the heart that has not poured forth its plaint, amid the stillness of the night, when the ear

> 'From echoing hill or thicket, oft has seemed
> To hear celestial voices?'

It is then that the soul longs for *the astrologer's power*—the consultation of the stars. Among those orbs, gemming the night with lustre, where do the departed dwell? Who can pierce the blue mystery above, to tell? There they shine from age to age—glorious clusters, flooding the empyrean with paths of light, and looking down in beauty on the mutations of a 'wicked and perverse world!' Is it among those floating jewels, scattered from the crown of the Almighty, where the prismatic light gleams from the gates of Paradise, and the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?

> 'Answer me, burning stars of night,
> Where hath the spirit gone,
> That past the reach of human sight
> Even as a breeze hath flown?
> And the stars answer me: 'We roll
> In light and power on high,
> But of the never-dying soul,
> Ask that which cannot die.''

By the way, I would not speak too reverently of astrology; for I consider it a mythological humbug, which was exploded at Belshazzar's feast. When that distinguished personage was in the midst of his entertainment—when the lamps shone brightly over fair women and brave men—there came a passage of supernatural chirography over against him on the wall of his palace, which he could not decipher. Scratching his royal head, in grievous doubt, he called unto him his astrologers and soothsayers, (celestial proof-readers,) but 'they could not make known unto him the interpretation of the thing.' Ever since reading this sketch of that princely dinner, I have had a great distrust of your star-gazers. I am of this mind with Browne: 'We do not reject or condemn a sober and regulated astrology; we hold there is more truth therein than in astrologers; in some more than many allow, yet in none so much as some pretend. We deny not the influence of the stars, but often suspect the due application thereof; for though we should affirm that all things were in all things; that heaven were but earth celestified, and earth but heaven terrestrified; or that each part hath an influence upon its divided affinity below, yet how to single out these relations, and duly to apply their actions, is a work oft-times to be effected by some revelation and *cabala* from above, rather than any philosophy or speculation here below.—What power soever they have upon our bodies, it is not requisite they should destroy our reasons—that is, to make us rely on the strength of Nature, when she is least able to relieve us; and when we conceive heaven against us, to refuse the assistance of the earth, created for us.'

But that's neither here nor there. I wish to touch upon a subject familiar to every youth who has handled a pen while a student, and sat up till midnight to court the *nine*, when he should have been in bed by *ten*. I mean the producing of tributes for albums. Oh! bore of bores! How many despairing digits, at the command of young virgins, have ploughed themselves into the dandruff of the unpracticed writer, in order to procure one or two ideas to dilute into an album! No one can tell the amount of misery that is inflicted in this way upon the youthful portions of mankind. There is no release from a thraldom of this kind; and if by dogged obstinacy you should happen to effect your redemption thence, you are like the 'Prisoner released from the Bastile,' whereof all juveniles have read. No one will know you; you will be cut by the lover of your bright-eyed cousin, and by herself. In fact, one might as well stipulate wantonly for a bad epi-

taph from a cutter of tomb-stones, as to attempt release from the scriblative obligation. There is no discharge in that war of the pen. For me, I can say with the Apostle, that if all I had recorded in albums, from a desire to preserve my female friendships, and to do what is denominated 'the *handsome* thing,' were printed, 'I suppose the world coul dnot contain the books that had been written.'

Once, however, I was put to my trumps. A respectable milliner, who had made a beautiful bonnet for a cousin, desired her, as a special favor, to procure me to 'head the list' of contributors to her album. I received the volume. It was a *blank-book*, and the two first pages were devoted to memoranda of disposed-of millinet, dimity, ribbons, gros-de-naps, and so forth. The pages were ruled across in *blue*, and rectangularly, near the outer edge in *red*, forming squares for the register of dollars and cents. A thought struck me, that I could make a novel *hit* in the *ars poetica*, by bringing in *figures* to my aid. '*Figures*,' thought I, 'are certainly allowable in poetry; and though I cannot flatter the vanity of the fair owner of this quarto, (for she was very nice and very pretty, except that one of her optics leared askew,) in my verse, perhaps I may do it in my motto.' For that I drew upon the scriptures: and the sum total of the whole followeth:

'TO MISS LUCRETIA SOPHONISBA MATILDA JERUSHA CATLING:

'Thou hast ravished my heart—thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes! Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. *How* beautiful are thy feet, *with shoes!* Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-Rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus. How fair and pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!'

From the Canticles, or the Song of Songs, as originally written by Solomon, and sung by him at Jerusalem, with great applause.

Thou canst not hope, oh! nymph divine,	
That I should ever court the - - - -	9
Or that when Passion's glow is done,	
My heart can ever love but - - - -	1
When from Hope's flower exhales the dew	
Then Love's false smile deserts us - - -	2
Then Fancy's radiance 'gins to flee,	
And life is robbed of all the - - - -	3
And Sorrow, sad, her tears must pour	
O'er cheeks where roses bloomed be - - -	4—19
Yes! Life's a scene as dim as Styx;	
Its joys are dear at - - - - - -	3/6
Its raptures fly so quickly hence,	
They're scarcely cheap at - - - - -	18*d*
Oh! for the dreams that then survive!	
They are high at pennies - - - - -	25
The breast no more is filled with Heaven,	
When years it numbers - - - -	27
And yields it up to Manhood's fate,	
About the age of - - - - -	28
Finds the world cold, and dim, and dirty,	
Ere the heart's annual count is - - -	30
Alas! for all the joys that follow,	
I would not give a *quarter-dollar!* - -	25—1.97½
This, charming *artiste*, is the sum	
To which Life's added items come.	
If into farther sums I stride,	
I see the figures multiplied.	
Subtract the profit ones from those	
Whose *all* to loss untimely goes,	
And in the aggregate you find	
Enough to assure the thinking mind	
That there's an overplus of evil,	
Enough to fright the very d—l!	
Thus, my dear maid, I send to you	
The balance of my metre due;	
Please scrutizine the above amount,	
And set it down in my account;	
A wink to a horse is as good as a nod—	
Your humble servant, OLLAPOD.	

By the way, is it not wonderful, that though in relation to celestial prospects, figures cannot lie, yet in terrestrial matters they are mendacious to the last degree? It is even so. There are numerous improvements in our country, for example, which a few years ago would have been stigmatized as the dream of the minstrel, now apparent as the certainties of fact. Who, ten years since, would have thought of a ship canal from the lakes to the ocean!—passing through fertile regions, bearing the white sail on its waters, the wealth of the interior, and the stores of Ormus or of Ind on its bosom! Yet a few years, and the wilderness which once was barren, shall resound with the hum of commerce, be dimmed with the smoke of cities, and astonished with the bustle of mercantile life. We are not a stationary people; we go onward; and if the best spirit that ever was filled of yore with high dreams of hope for the country, were now among us, what would be the scene of its vision? *Imagination* furls her wing, and lets *Reality* take the lead.

But I forbear. I am at my sheet's edge. Hereafter I will seize the theme, now but begun,

——'and bear it with me, as the storm
Bears the cloud onward.'

Till then, gentle reader, I am wholly thine.

OLLAPOD.

From the American Monthly Magazine for March.

LINES.

"He thought upon his bride."

"Among the persons killed at St. Cos, was Sir John Armitage.—The fate of this gentleman was excessively lamented; he was a volunteer, but without having intended being one upon this expedition, his mind being engaged in making preparations for his approaching marriage with Miss Howe. Sir John went to the levee, at the time when the officers were taking leave of the king to join the army. The king asked Sir John when he intended to set out?—taken by surprise, Sir John answered, 'to-morrow;' and unhappily kept his word. The lady afterwards married Sir William Pitt. A black collar, which she always wore around her neck, concealed a splendid brilliant necklace, the present of her ill-fated lover."

Correspondence of Horace Walpole.

He stood before his monarch's throne
The gallant and the tried,
And owned the call which urged him on,
But thought upon his bride.

Oh! what to him the hope of fame,
Or proudest dreams beside,
The soldier felt a dearer flame—
He thought upon his bride.

But not of him the nobly proved
False tale might recreant tell,
He went—and left to solitude
The flower he loved so well.

But first that lady's neck he bound
With glittering links of pride,
Then turned, and heard the trumpet sound,
But thought upon his bride.

Well might that fair girl's blinding tears
Fall as he onward passed,
Half smiling at her timid fears—
She met him for the last!

For hours of darker trial came,
The gallant soldier died—
He fell among his armed train,
His last thoughts on his bride.

* * * * * * *

And Time swept on—again in hall
And bower that lady stood,
Not as when owning Love's sweet thrall,
She pined in solitude.

The brightest form the gazer met—
Still one deep token proved,
How precious to her memory yet
The gift of him she loved.

That glittering necklace, half concealed,
With all its links of pride,
The secret of his fate revealed
Who thought upon his bride. L. H.

From the American Monthly for March.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME OF JOHN LAW.

It is often curious to observe how frequently mankind are found acting over the same scenes. Turn back into the page of History, and you will discover whole periods of popular excitement and delusion, which seem to be the exact prototypes of what is going on in your own times. Whether it be that the passions and propensities of men are so much alike in all ages and countries, that they will always, from a kind of necessity, under similar circumstances, be found doing precisely the same things, in spite of the warnings of history: or whether it be that there is a kind of precession in human affairs, and only a limited number of changes through which human actions can be rung, it is not easy to determine.

John Law, the author of the most splendid and daring speculation that the world ever saw, was the son of William Law, a goldsmith and banker of Edinburgh; and was born in that city on the 31st of April, 1671. In early childhood he addicted himself to the study of mathematics; and as he advanced into youth, gave great attention to the subjects of finance and political economy. While he was still very young, he was employed by the government of Scotland to manage the public accounts of the kingdom, which were in the greatest confusion, and to settle public revenues and disbursements upon some permanent system of finance: a task which he performed with great ability. His father died in 1685, leaving him a respectable fortune, but one by no means equal to his habits of life or his love of great operations. He immediately went up to London, the great theatre of enterprise and adventure, to push his fortunes in the world. His fine figure, his many accomplishments, his fondness for deep play, and, above all, a most extraordinary talent for calculating chances and winning wagers, soon made him extremely popular and notorious in the fashionable world. But he had not been long in London before he killed a gentleman in a duel, which grew out of an affair of gallantry, and was obliged to leave the kingdom. He passed over to the Continent, and there spent his time in studying his favorite subjects of trade and finance, and in practising his talent for gaming and betting. In 1700 he returned to Scotland, and in December of that year, published at Edinburgh a work called "Proposals and Reasons for constituting a Council of Trade." This book, the object of which was to diffuse more accurate and liberal notions on the subjects of trade and commerce than were then prevalent, was sound in its reasonings and proposals. But it did not excite any great attention, and was not noticed by the Government. In the year 1705, he submitted a proposition to Parliament for the establishment of a paper currency, as a machine with which to manage and pay the public debt; and his scheme went so far as to propose issues of paper to the extent of the value of the whole landed property of the country. It was rejected by the influence of the landed interest. Disappointed at not being able to make any thing succeed at home, he went again upon the Continent, and for five or six years rambled up and down Europe, leading the life of a gamester and financial projector. During this period he arrived at Turin, the capital of the Duke of Savoy, and submitted to the reigning Duke a project for managing his revenues, and carrying on the trade of his dominions, by a great joint-stock company. The Duke was for a while amused with the project, but saw through its fallacy. "Your scheme is a plausible one," said he, "but when you have put all the money of my subjects into the coffers of your Company, I should be glad to know what they are to pay their taxes with?" As this was an inquiry to which there was no answer to be made, the projector made his bow, and retired from the Court of Turin.

During his rambles up and down Europe, Law had acquired, by play and by his ingenuity in betting, a fortune of more than £100,000; and with it he went and established himself at Paris in 1714. The finances and public credit of France had fallen into most disastrous confusion during the long reign of Louis XIV., who was just then dying; and Law discovered in this state of things an excellent opportunity to make his peculiar talents useful to the new government which should come into power on the death of the old king. Louis XIV. died, and was succeeded by his grandson, then a mere child. The Duke of Orleans became Regent; a man of exactly the character to rely on the services, and to be captivated by the projects of an able and bold projector like Law. By Law's advice, certain improvements were introduced into the public finances; and while these were going on, he and his brother William Law set up a Bank, with a branch in London and a branch in Paris, which they called "The General Bank of Law & Co." This was so prosperous, and seemed to be managed with so much ability, that the Government determined to take it into its own hands, with Law for its manager, as a machine with which to carry on the fiscal concerns of the country. It was accordingly incorporated, on the 4th December, 1718, under the title of "The Royal Bank." Upon this institution as a nucleus, Law established and developed his great scheme, which in history passes under the name of The Mississippi System.

The Mississippi System was so called, because the Company of which Law was the head, had received a grant of large tracts of land at the month of the Mississippi River, and one of the *ostensible* (perhaps real) objects of the Company was the colonization of that territory. But this was only a small part of the great scheme. It undertook the collection of all the revenues of the country; it absorbed the East India and all the other great trading Companies; it was to carry on all the trade with the South Seas;* besides embarking to an enormous extent in stock and banking operations, and taking charge of the coinage. Thus it swept in all the commerce, all the financial concerns, and, as dependent on these, all the industry of the kingdom. Its promises of profits were so magnificent and alluring, that men hastened to sell their movables, their houses and lands, and every thing else that could be turned into money, for the purpose of buying shares in this vast concern. Where all the money, that was thus raised, finally went, may very naturally be inquired. Great quantities were carried away by strangers who came to speculate in the stock; immense sums were wasted in fruitless trading expeditions; much was embezzled by the sub-agents and managers of the Company; and what did not disappear in this way, was used by the Government for its own purposes.

The effect of all this upon society was to introduce the greatest disorder and confusion. All France was seized with a rage for speculating in the funds. Regular industry was abandoned for this great scheme of national gambling. Its influence reached not only the rich and moneyed men, but penetrated into all classes of society. The shares were constantly rising under the influence of the extraordinary and magnificent promises held out by the managers; so that a share purchased by a man without property to-day, could be sold to-morrow at an advance, which would leave him in the possession of a fortune as suddenly acquired as if it had fallen from the clouds.

"Every thing at Paris assumed a smiling countenance. Money grew so common, that people did not know where to put it out at 3 per cent.; the tradesmen had a greater vent for their goods; the workmen were better paid for their work; the value of the land about Paris rose to fifty, and even sixty years' purchase; many noblemen repaired their broken fortunes, and others grew very rich by the great advantages they made in

* By the South Seas, in the commercial language of those times, was meant all the Eastern coast of America, from the river Oronoko down to Cape Horn, and the whole line of the Western coast, including the vast space of the Pacific Ocean.

dealing in the actions (Stock) of this new company.—Numbers of people never known in the world, and who sprung from nothing, were all of a sudden seen riding in their coaches, only by striking into this new trade, by which in a very few years they had gained vast sums."

These are the words of old Malachi Posthlewaite, Esq., author of the Dictionary of Commerce, who looked on from across the channel, and took great satisfaction in his dry sarcasms upon the confused and factitious prosperity of the Parisians at that time; and if we did not know to the contrary, we might, with no great difficulty, believe that he was looking on at the Maine land speculation in our own time. "All the world," he continues, "ran to Paris. The prodigious sums that strangers laid out in the stock, and the numbers that resorted to negotiate there, filled that city with money and people, and consequently with trade: and they tell us there was nothing to be seen but new coaches, new equipages, new liveries, and buying new furniture; innumerable families were enriched by the surprising advance of stock; in a word, there were no less than twelve hundred new coaches set up, and half a million of people more than there were before; so that no lodgings were to be had, and they built new houses and streets in every place where they had room."

The cause of the extraordinary rise of the stock, and the means by which the managers of the scheme were enabled to keep up the public confidence, deserve to be traced.

It had long been believed, on the doubtful relations of travellers, that the country in the neighborhood of the Mississippi contained inexhaustible treasures. The old notion, too, about the *El dorado* was not yet wholly exploded. Law availed himself of this popular idea. It was whispered about, as a great secret, that the famous mines of St. Barbe had been discovered in the territory granted to the Company; and by way of giving a color to this pretence, a great show was made of sending out a company of miners to dig for gold.* Every one was, consequently, eager to obtain shares in a Company that was going to reap such an unbounded harvest of wealth. "The adventurers," says the Abbe Raynal, "were not satisfied with a bare association with the Company which had obtained the possession of that fine country. The proprietors were applied to from all quarters for large tracts of land for plantations, which, it was represented, would yield, in a few years, a hundred times the sum necessary to be laid out upon them. The richest and most intelligent men in the nation were the most forward in making these purchases; and such as could not afford to become purchasers, solicited the management of plantations, or even to be employed in cultivating them. During this general infatuation, all persons who offered themselves whether Frenchmen or foreiguers, were promiscuously crowded into ships, and landed on the burning sands of the Biloxi, a district in West Florida, between Pensacola and the mouth of the Mississippi, where a French settlement had been inconsiderately formed, and where these unhappy men perished in thousands, of want and vexation, the miserable victims of a political imposture and of their own blind avidity."†

But these were not the only vaunted sources of expected returns. The Company had loaned to the government 1200,000,000, and had taken as a pledge, to secure and pay this debt, all the revenues of the country, amounting, on paper, to the sum of 106,000,000 *per annum*. But the currency, with which these operations were performed, and which had flooded the country, consisted of the Company's bank paper, which they had issued to the amount of one thousand millions. This currency was bottomed on a great deal less specie even than the banking of the present day; and by an *arrêt* of the 21st December, 1719, the bank paper was ordered to be taken at 5 per cent. above the value of the current coins which it professed to represent.

In the midst of this general infatuation, Law himself became the idol of popular favor. Honors were showered upon him from all quarters. The learned societies contended with each other for the distinction of enrolling his name among their members; and the government, in order that it might avail itself of his services, and that he might avail himself of the official station, made him comptroller-general of the finances, or, in other words, prime minister of the kingdom. How coolly and adroitly he carried on his great hoax, is evident from the following remarks of Postlethwaite, in which, after enumerating the various extraordinary sights and wonders to which the times had given birth, he says—

"Seventhly and lastly—We have seen a private gentleman raise himself, by the dexterity of his management, to be the greatest subject in the world; to have all the princes, the nobility, the public ministers, and even the government itself, at his beck, and above three hundred coaches of a morning at his levee; himself behaving with all the modesty imaginable; not elevated by his good fortune, nor discomposed by the application to so much business, but calm and serene, and always present to himself, answering briefly and pertinently to every new discourse, despatching every body's business with a readiness inimitable, and every day producing new wonders in the great affair of the public which was upon his hands."

Thus armed with the whole financial power of the country, there seemed to be no bounds to the operations of the Company of which Law was the head. The whole thing became a fancy stock, and all thought or calculation of returns or dividends was swallowed up in the enormous speculation upon the shares themselves. The original proprietors were in haste to make all the money they could, and to convert their shares into gold; and the few other bankers who had kept aloof from the speculation, forseeing that a great crisis was approaching, hastened to collect all the specie they could lay their hands upon, and began to drain the Company's coffers by all the means within their reach. At this period the shares had reached the enormous price of 10.000 livres, at which price their aggregate nominal value exceeded by more than eighty times the amount of all the specie in the country. In this state of things, the government, which had wilfully and wickedly lent its aid to the delusion of its infatuated subjects, saw that ruin was the only remedy, and that this mighty fabric must be prostrated in the dust upon the heads of the crowd below. The first blow came from a royal edict of the 21st May, 1720, ordering the value of the shares to be reduced to 5,000. Thus one-half of the property of each stockholder was annihilated. The notes of the bank were ordered to a similar reduction in value. This was national bankruptcy; and the tide of public feeling poised but for a moment at its height, to ebb with a rapidity and power more fearful than its flow. Popular favor instantly turned to popular rage; and amidst the bankruptcy of thousands and the execrations of the kingdom, the great projector retired from the country. The public distress was so great, and the public creditors so numerous, that government was under the necessity of affording them relief. This duty it was also under a moral obligation to discharge, inasmuch as its deluded subjects had been led into the snare partly for the government's own purposes. Above four hundred thousand sufferers, chiefly fathers of families, presented their whole fortunes in paper; and the state, after liquidating these debts, which amounted to a sum too incredible to be named, charged itself with the enormous debt of sixteen hundred and thirty-one millions of livres, to be paid in specie.

Law himself passed over to England, and took a great house in London, where he lived splendidly for a while, receiving crowds of people, who came to visit the man who had shaken by his bold schemes the social foundations of a whole kingdom. Although his property in France had been confiscated, yet his official salary was continued to him by his patron the Regent until the death of that prince on the 2d December, 1723. With him perished all Law's hopes of regaining his private fortune. He became embarrassed; suits were commenced against him by his creditors both in France and in England, and he was threatened with imprisonment. In 1725 he went again upon the Continent, and fixed his residence at Venice. There, in obscurity and comparative poverty, the great adventurer, who had controlled the whole wealth of France, and had involved in his schemes the whole credit of the civilized world, died on the 21st of March, 1759. The following bitter and taunting epitaph appeared soon after in the French journals:

'Here lies the Scotch projector,
Unequalled calculator,
Who, by the algebraic rule,
Hath made old France to play the fool.'

The character and projects of John Law are extremely difficult of exact and impartial estimate. On the one hand, it may confidently be said that he could not have been entirely honest in such schemes; while, on the other hand, it may with equal truth be conjectured that he was not wholly without belief in the soundness of some of his own projects. He constantly declared, to the last of his life, that his great Mississippi scheme—though he admitted the failure and the fraud of the expeditions which were sent out—was yet, as a financial system, perfectly sound and practicable; and that its failure was owing to the want of co-operation in his views on the part of some of the French statesmen. But his character as a gamester and professional calculator of chances has justly rendered History extremely rigid and severe in its estimate of his designs. There was unquestionably great fraud and knavery at the foundation of the whole thing.—This is apparent from the false and delusive measures taken to keep up the price of the stock, and to inflate the public confidence; while the bare idea of incorporating all the foreign trade of a country, all the public finances and currency, and, involved in these, all the wealth and industry of a people, into a great joint-stock mammoth speculation, could only have been conceived in mischief and executed in villany. Law, too, was the originator of the system of excessive issues of paper currency, which has gone like an unclean spirit through almost all the systems of banking that have ever prevailed since. He seems to have considered that there was no objection to the issue of paper to the amount of all the property of every description in a country—at least, it would seem so, from the state of things which he encouraged and brought about in France—without reflecting that a nation might be ruined before a tithe of its property could be made available in the redemption of the paper, when its credit had received one serious blow.

But it is of no service to discuss the reasonableness of his doctrines. They were the doctrines of an able man, but one who was far in advance of his time in knowledge of these subjects, and was undoubtedly a sharper. The great lesson which his schemes taught to the world was, after all, a very simple one. It consisted in bold and striking illustrations of the system of joint-stock operations, and of the evils of that system when companies are carried to an overgrown size.—That powerful machinery, which is at once the creature and the means of a high state of civilization, unquestionably affords a power of developing the resources of a country to their highest possible point. But, like all other machinery, it has its limits, within which it must be restrained, and beyond which its power becomes only the motion of enormous masses, too large for regulation or control. It may be questioned, with great seriousness, whether this machinery is not too much extended at the present day, and whether the public confidence is not often given to schemes which would not have received it bot for the mere association of names; and which, after playing their brief parts on the theatre of the stock exchange, and enriching a few, have suddenly gone down, to the impoverishment of many.

* Russell's Modern Europe.

† Raynal, Hist. Philos. et Politique, liv. xvi.

THE PARTING.

We part—oh, would that we had met,
Thy heart, thy hand, as free as mine,
With souls to cherish, not regret
The feelings that have made me thine;
Then had I prized each hope that now
Flings but remorse across my brow
For what must leave no sign,
Recalling with despairing tears,
Those dreams of execrated years.

The sun that rose in burning gold
Was darkened on its way;
And love as deep as mine, untold
Must wither in decay;
And smiles, deceiving smiles, hide well
The tale no living lips may tell,
While agony must prey
Upon each thought's uncheck'd career,
With nought to hope, yet all to fear.

Thou canst not feel as I have felt,
For guilt is not thine own:
The cares that in my soul have dwelt
Are mine, but mine alone.
And others deemed my gladdening smile
Could grief of all its stings beguile,
As if it were unknown—
As if no falsehood could be there
To veil a broken heart's despair.

Farewell! but deem not thou my soul
Can part with thoughts of thee;
For it were vain as to control
The billows of the sea.
In every scene, through joy, and grief,
My heart nor hopes nor seeks relief,
Nor wishes to be free;
But to a thousand feelings still
It clings with many a madd'ning thrill.

Liverpool Journal. HARRIET GAYES.

From the London Court Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. IV.

It was a lovely morning; the air was warm and balmy, and the cold deep waters of the river looked so invitingly from amongst the tall trees, that I threw my fishing-rod aside to enjoy their coolness. Scarcely had I begun to bathe, when a sudden pain came over me, and I sank. As I rose, struggling for life, some dark object was, or seemed, near me, till, as I sank again, visions of fields and flowers, and of all sparkling and flashing things, danced before my eyes till consciousness left me.

"I thank God, he is not dead," murmured by a young voice at my side, were the first sounds that met my returning senses, when, on recovering, I found myself on the safe hard earth, and supported by a youth of apparently my own age; he was not, however, so tall, or so strong; yet he had seen my danger as he passed the spot, and regardless of his own life, had plunged into the river as I was sinking for the last time, and had saved me. I was very far from my own home, and feeling too weak to reach it, I was easily persuaded by my preserver, Mr. Courtney, to return with him to his own cottage, which was near the banks of the river. It was a pretty little unpretending spot, and had nothing which could render its appearance different from the abode of the small farmers of the neighborhood but the graceful care with which the little garden was laid out and kept, and an air of nameless superiority, which could be felt but not defined. In the small neat parlor was seated a lady in 'widow's weeds,' and a fair young girl, whose likeness to Edward proclaimed her his sister.

Mrs. Courtney was at first alarmed at the sight of the pale young stranger who clung for support to the arm of her son, but when she heard even his simple account, her eyes flashed with a mother's pride at the courage of her only son, and she welcomed me with the kindest courtesy. After spending some hours with them, I was completely restored by their gentle attentions, and returned in safety to my anxious parents.

Life was then young and vigorous within me, and my

gratitude to my young preserver knew no bounds. He was the only son of a naval officer, who had died a few months after the birth of a daughter, leaving to his sorrowing and broken-hearted widow little but the memory of his virtues and the remains of her own small fortune. Upon this she had retired into the country, and by economy had saved enough to educate Edward for the law, which profession his mother earnestly wished him to enter upon. Such was the state of things when I became acquainted with the family in the manner I have mentioned.

Edward Courtney became my most intimate friend. He was not above the middle height, but his figure was graceful and active; his light brown hair waved over a high, broad forehead, whilst every motion of his soul, nay, every thought, seemed to speak in his clear grey eyes. These were not large or handsome, yet their bright and ever varying expression had a charm for me which I have never again met with; they fascinated whilst they dazzled. We soon became as brothers, for we had the same master passion swallowing up the rest; we had the same deep love of art, the same longing to stake our future prospects upon our success as artists. How happy were the hours we spent in that little cottage, or in long sauntering walks, attempting to give to paper every thing we saw, and gazing, with delighted anticipations of future fame, on things worthy only of the admired Van—Daub! Yet we were happy; and when were mortals happy, that some sorrow or change came not to remind them of earth?

Edward Courtney's mother died, and soon after, his sister married a man who broke her heart. Thus ended my first dream of love and romance. But it is not of myself that I would speak. For a while, the dying wishes of his mother attached Edward to the law; but his was not the nature for its cold study, and he left it.

* * * * * *

Some months passed, and Edward was my fellow-student, at the *atelier* of some celebrated painter. Edward was devoted to the profession he had now chosen, but his was talent, not genius—love rather than power; he loved it, because he could express his own passionate feelings; I loved it, because of the deep thought it demanded and inspired.

One evening we were returning from a reunion of young 'aspirants' like ourselves, and were passing a door in —— square, when we were compelled to stop to allow a lady to pass on to her carriage; the light shawl she wore fell from her shoulders, and as Edward courteously returned it to her, the light flashed upon a face and form of rare and sparkling beauty. She passed on her way, unmindful of the pale youth whom she had scarcely seen—but it was not so with him; his ardent soul had longed for an object whose beauty could realise a *painter's dream*, and he had found it in the daughter of the Earl of ——, the leading star of beauty and of fashion.

Acquaintance with such a being was unattainable to poor and unknown students; and little did I fancy I might one day meet with an approving smile, a gentle welcome—even from *her*. But I am writing now of other days; and I could that night hear, through the partition which divided our humble apartments, that sleep was a stranger to my friend's pillow.

Sad was the change that evening gradually wrought on his conduct. The evenings, nay, the nights which he had given to recreation and rest, were devoted to wandering near the house in —— square, which was all the world to him; there he would watch for one glimpse of lady Caroline, on her way to some gay scene, then pace the neighborhood with unwearied steps till her return.

Still he did not neglect the only means he now possessed of gaining station and wealth, but labored on with unceasing diligence, though, as experience brought knowledge, I felt he needed the unity of purpose—the strength of mind, which alone can lead to eminence. One day he came to me with a strange expression in his wild eyes, and told me he was going to Scotland; but no entreaties of mine could induce him to tell me the cause of this sudden journey. But in a few weeks he returned, his eyes beaming with exquisite tenderness, his cheeks tinged with the bright hues of health.

"I have been so happy!" almost whispered he, when my first welcome was over; "I have gained that with which I would not part for worlds! I went to Scotland, for I heard that *she* was gone to —— Castle. I lingered, I wandered in the neighborhood, my brush and colors my excuse; and every day I saw her—now riding, with her beautiful face flushed with exercise, now botanizing with a chosen companion, now sketching; ay, every day I saw her! Nay, once, when I was drawing near some ruins, a party came from the Castle, and she—*addressed me*. I thought the throb of exquisite delight would—would have killed me. I gave the auld wives of the village sketches of their sturdy sons or pretty grand-daughters, for I felt that she might see them. But this is not all: her friend, the gay and giddy Lady ——, had seen my drawings, and I was called to the Castle to give to each of the young friends the likeness of the other. It was a jest to them—think what it was to *me!* My hand trembled, and my heart failed me at the first; but so deeply imprinted were Lady Caroline's features on my very soul, that I scarcely needed, and scarcely dared to gaze upon them. I took the portrait home, under pretence of finishing it—returned to her a copy, and kept the one sketched in her presence; here it is. Was not this happiness?"

Thus, by a strange coincidence, a girlish fancy threw the portrait of one of England's proudest beauties into the hands of a young and obscure painter; it was to him a talisman which led to—but I will not anticipate.

* * * * * *

About this time I departed for Italy. Edward Courtney would not leave the country which held the idol of his imagination; and years passed before I returned; and for the last three or four, I had heard no tidings of him—his last letter expressing disappointment and despondency. Arrived in S—— street, my first effort was to find my friend. I could not succeed, till one day a note was put into my hand; it was from him, and told me the bearer would direct me to his abode. Through narrow streets and alleys I followed my young conductor, till, in an obscure part of London, we knocked at the door of a mean-looking house. I entered a small room filled and surrounded by paintings, the only furniture being a sofa, a table, and one chair. Edward was not there. I looked round at the paintings—they were wild and strange; demons of ghastly hues and shapes were contending, revelling, suffering—but always, from some part of each picture, a light would break across its horrors, and in that light would be an angel face—the face of Lady Caroline. There was one where strange shapes had seized upon a winged figure, whilst another of human form was vainly struggling to save her;—the forms were Lady Caroline and Edward!

But my meditations were broken in upon by himself, led in by his young companion; pale and weak, and evidently dying, was my long-loved friend. Had it not been for the eyes, I could not have known him; yet they too were changed—for there was a wildness and an indescribable *change*, which made my blood run cold.

"Dear ——," said he, "I am *so* glad to see you, for I have been so ill—perhaps they will go now!"

"Who?—is any one annoying—injuring you?"

"No," said he, faintly, "only *they*;" and he pointed to his demon pictures. "I have talked to them, *painted* them, prayed to them, but it will not do; they are still here—and have been since she married. Yes!" said he, wildly, "she is married, and *they know it;* they take her before my eyes, and I have no power to save *her!*" So saying, he laid his head faintly back upon the couch, and seemed to sleep the deep sleep of exhaustion.

And this was Edward—the noble, the spirited, the intellectual—dying, and a maniac! As I gazed on him, he awoke, and, looking past me with unutterable tenderness, he murmured, "Caroline, you are too late now—*too late!*" and again sank back. The excitement of seeing me had, I felt, been too much for him; but, taking my station at his side, I sent for an eminent physician. He shook his head, and told me I had come in time to close his eyes; the dying taper had flickered brightly, only to pass away the sooner.

Through the night he raved fearfully; love misplaced and misdirected—talent unappreciated—and poverty, had warped the noble mind—had bent it till it broke; like a harp whose strings were wound up too tightly—the world's rude hand had broken where it touched! Towards morning he awoke, and the first grey light mixing with the sickly light of the candles, gave a ghastly look to the pale cheek of my expiring friend.

"I am dying," said he; "I know it, and rejoice at it, for they are gone—quite gone, and my mother and sister call for me! I have been mad—I know it—but not now; there is *her* picture—keep it," said he more faintly—"farewell!" and his young head fell powerless on my shoulder, whilst his hand grew colder; the voice that whispered the name he had most loved was so changed I did not know it—and all was over.

L. D.

GOLDSMITH.—Until we had perused Mr. Prior's book, we had formed a most inadequate conception of the amount of drudgery to which Goldsmith submitted after he had come to be the established favorite of the public—filling after all a place only second to Johnson, even in the pages of Boswell. A mere list of the works which Mr. Prior affiliates on him, by the sure evidence of his own and his booksellers' accounts and receipts, would fill several of our pages, and prove incontestibly that he who, had no biographers told his personal story, would probably have passed with posterity for some gay lounger who diverted his leisure by half-a-dozen brilliant master-pieces, was in truth the most diligent slave that ever toiled in the mill of Grub-street. It is true that even in the execution of tasks so unworthy of him, he displayed—he could not but display—occasional flashes of the genius which shines clear and unbroken in the unforced effusion of his happier hours; but the consolation is a sad one; indeed, the more varied the evidence of his genius, the more melancholy must be our regret at their perversion.

We are not, however, to confound with the humbler productions of Goldsmith the "Letters on English History, from a Nobleman to his Son,"—the question as to the authorship of which has at last been settled by Prior. The clap-trap title page had full effect, and these admirable letters, at first ascribed to Lord Chesterfield and subsequently to Lord Lyttleton, were never disowned by the latter nobleman, and still go by his name. Our biographer, however, has clearly proved, from the publisher's book, that they were wholly Goldsmith's, and adduces also a note of Bishop Percy, in which he describes Goldsmith as laughing at the title-page at the time, but adding that "he hoped his book would live." It has lived, and will continue to do so. Within similar compass no equally clear, comprehensive, and instructive survey of our annals ever has been, or is ever likely to be written.

Goldsmith wrote it in 1764, at a widow's house at Islington, where he had taken a lodging near the country residence of his friend Newberry, who settled with the good woman quarterly, exactly as if the author had been in a condition of pupilage. Mr. Prior does not disdain to quote several of their accounts—from which it appears that Goldsmith's board and lodging cost £12 per quarter; that his extra expenses were quite trivial; and that the landlady, from the great regard she soon conceived for him, allowed him now and then to invite a poor brother-author to dinner, without making any claim for his entertainment. When wine was produced, which did not happen above once or twice in the month, Goldsmith was charged 1s. 6d. per bottle, and on one evening was burdened with two bottles. His usual beverage in this retreat was a slight decoction of sassafras, "which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood;" and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Expect when he went to dine in town on Fridays, with the Club, such was his simple fare. He read in the morning certain chapters of Carte, Rapin, &c., strolled away into the fields to arrange his reflections, came home to his early dinner, and then sat down to write for the evening. His chief amusement seemed to be playing with the children, who had always free access to his only room, and teaching the dog to beg. Whenever he had done enough of the letters to keep the press a going for a day or two, he turned to some child's book for his employer; and if the author of Caleb Williams, himself long a children's bookseller, was not misinformed one of these *opera subseciva* was the tale of "Goody Two-Shoes."

A STORY TOLD BY DR. RUSH.—"During the time that I passed at a country school, in Cecil county, Maryland, I often went on a holy-day, with my school-mates, to see an eagle's nest on the summit of a dead tree, in the neighborhood of the school, during the time of the incubation of the bird. The daughter of the farmer in whose field the tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married and settled in this city about forty years ago. In our occasional interviews, we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and, among others, of the eagle's nest in her father's field. A few years ago, I was called to visit this woman, when she was in the lowest stage of typhus fever. Upon entering the room, I caught her eye, and, with a cheerful tone of voice, said only—*the eagle's nest*. She seized my hand without being able to speak, and I discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, probably from a sudden association of all her domestic connections and enjoyments with the words which I uttered. From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails, when we meet, to salute me with the echo of the eagle's nest."

A DEAR LOBSTER.—The late Duke of Norfolk was fond of the luxuries of the table, and, although apparently as joyous and blithesome as any one, he could be as morose and ill-tempered as any person breathing. Those who knew him could pretty well anticipate when a breeze was likely to spring up, as an ebullition of temper was always preceded by a convulsive heaving of his ponderous shoulders, as exemplified by the following trait. A select party, about twelve in number, had assembled in St. James's Square, and were partaking of a sumptuous dinner, when on a sudden the earl-marshal's shoulders began to undulate, and the following short colloquy between a then favoured servant and his grace took place. "I do not see a lobster on the table, Dodson." "No, your grace." "I think I ordered one, sir?" roared the duke. "Yes," replied Dodson, "you did, your grace, and I bid as far as 4*l.* 16*s.* for one; but, there being but one in the market, I could not get it; the same lobster being divided between the Lords Anglesea and Sefton, who were resolved to have it!!"—Jockey of Norfolk said no more.

THE HONESTEST WAY OF GETTING INTO JAIL.—A lad lately committed to Abingdon prison for poaching, was asked how long he had been a poacher? who replied—"Not long, sir,—you see the farmers would not find me no work, and I was like to starve—so says I to myself, I never heard of any body starving in prison—but the question is how to get into one without losing my character. At last I went poaching, because that was the *honestest* way of getting into jail as I *knowed on*." London Sun.

A SAD TRUTH.—Human nature is a strange anomaly—an utter contrariety, a bundle of contradictions, a weathercock of the passions, the laughing-stock of reason, and the stumbling-block of philosophy. How true is the following from the Boston Morning Post: 'Many a woman, who shrieks at a mouse or a rat, may be capable of murdering her husband!'

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1837.

The Twenty-Fourth Congress terminated its Second Annual Session and its legal existence on the night of Friday the 3d inst. The Senate adjourned at 1 o'clock, and the House within the hour succeeding. Not more than one-third of the subjects before them received the final action of both Houses. The Senate, indeed, acted definitely on nearly every public measure of importance demanding its attention; but the case was widely different with the House. That body has become too numerous and unwieldy for the purposes it is designed to subserve. It should be reduced at least one-third at the next decennial adjustment of the representation. One Member to each hundred thousand inhabitants would be amply sufficient. But we pass to a brief statement of what has been done and what left undone at the late session:

The Currency Bill of the Senate, designed to revoke or supersede the famous Order of the Secretary of the Treasury requiring payments in specie exclusively for Public Lands, was destroyed by the act of the President, after having passed both Houses by very large majorities. The bill substantially provides that the notes of specie-paying Banks (issuing no small notes) which are equivalent to specie at the place where they are offered, shall be received from purchasers of Public Lands; and that at any rate the rules which govern the receipts for import duties shall also govern the receipts for Lands. This bill passed the Senate by 41 votes to 5, and the House by 143 to 59, and would probably have passed again by the constitutional majority of two-thirds of each House, had it been vetoed by the President. He, however, simply retained it in his possession without acting upon it; and, as less than ten days intervened between its passage and the adjournment, it was lost. (Of the 59 votes against this bill in the House, 25 were from this State, 6 from Pennsylvania, 5 from Ohio, 6 from Maine, 4 from New-Hampshire, Virginia 3, Kentucky 3, Connecticut, New-Jersey, Maryland, Missouri, North and South Carolina, 1 each.—Thirteen States gave no vote against it—only three a majority.)

The Land Sale Restriction Bill, intended to prohibit the future sale of Public Lands except in limited quantities to actual residents on the same, and for other purposes, which passed the Senate by a vote of 27 to 23, was lost in the House on Wednesday evening, on a motion of Mr. Love of this State that it be laid on the table. On this motion, the vote stood—Yeas 107, Nays 91. This vote was partly local, and partly political. Of the 107 Yeas, 27 are Administration, 80 Opposition. Of the Nays, 81 are Administration, 10 Opposition. Locally, the most significant feature is the vote in the support of the motion, and thus against the restriction, by nearly the entire delegation from Ohio and Kentucky—12 to 4 from Ohio, and 7 to 2 from Kentucky. New-York voted 5 Yea, 23 Nay.

The Fortification Bill, with the amendment of Mr. Bell, providing for a *Distribution of the Surplus Revenue* above five millions of dollars which may remain in the Treasury on the 1st of January next, was lost by the disagreement of the two Houses. The Fortification Bill first passed the Senate. The House then added a clause providing for the Distribution of the Surplus. The Senate struck it out: Yeas 28, Nays 22. The House voted to insist on its amendment: Yeas 111, Nays 94. The Senate again voted to adhere to the striking out: Yeas 27, Nays 23. The House again insisted: Yeas 104, Nays 88. The Senate asked a conference, which was granted, and conferees appointed, but they could not agree. So Fortification and Distribution went by the board together. The Senate's vote was very nearly a party division—Mr. Black of the Opposition alone voting with the majority, and Messrs. Morris, (Adm.) Hendricks and M'Kean (doubtful) voting with the minority. In the House, but one Oppositionist, with two or three Tennesseeans of uncertain politics, voted against the Distribution.—Nineteen Administration men voted for it.

We believe every other regular Appropriation Bill was passed. *The Independence of Texas* was virtually recognized by a vote of the Senate, and partially or conditionally by the House. The vote of the Senate was 23 to 19. A motion to reconsider this vote was lost by a *tie* vote: Yeas 24, Nays 24. This test vote was nowise affected by party politics. Webster, Ewing and Southard voted with Buchanan, King and Wright to reconsider; while Clay, Calhoun and White voted with Benton, Grundy and Rives against reconsideration. Another such vote was scarcely given during the session—certainly not on any important question.

The Tariff Bills of Mr. Wright in the Senate and Mr. Cambreleng in the House alike failed. It was pretty clearly evinced that Mr. Cambreleng's could not have passed under any circumstances. That of Mr. Wright passed the Senate, and might have passed the House had time permitted. Of course, the subject of an adjustment of the revenue to the reasonable wants of the Government, either by a reduction of the Tariff, a reduction of the price of Public Lands, a Distribution of the Surplus Revenue, or a Distribution of the proceeds of sales of the Public Lands, will demand the early attention of the next Congress. We believe the Surplus Revenue on the 1st of January next, notwithstanding the distribution already ordered, will exceed twenty millions of dollars. That such a Surplus is undesirable, corrupting and dangerous, is admitted—nay, insisted on—by all parties.

Mr. Benton's Army Increase Bill was likewise lost—a very bearable loss, in our humble opinion. We cannot perceive the utility of creating new companies and regiments when it is found impossible to fill up those already in being. It were wiser to have less occasion for military force, if that be not impossible.

Here endeth the record of the more important doings and undoings of the Twenty-Fourth Congress.

P.S.—Gen. Jackson has published his reasons for neither approving nor returning the Currency Bill. They are based on the alleged obscurity and unintelligibility of its provisions. (If the objection be well-founded, the censure falls on Mr. Rives, who drafted and introduced the bill, or Mr. Walker who reported it. We always apprehended it was not direct enough in its stipulations.) The Ex-President remarks that the bill only reached him at 2 o'clock on Thursday, and was, three hours thereafter, submitted to the Attorney General for his opinion as to the drift and meaning of its provisions. That officer reported to him at 5 o'clock on Friday, and the President's 'Reasons for not acting definitively on the bill,' bear date a quarter before 12 of that night.

Mr. Attorney General Butler's Report would fill a column and a half of our paper; and if the bill were not more lucid than this document, there is no marvel in the circumstance that it puzzled the President and his adviser. There is scarcely a clause of the bill which the nation's lawyer does not deem susceptible of two or three distinct and often contradictory renderings. But we will not enlarge on the matter—the bill is lost; and we suspect that the next time Congress undertakes to overrule or nullify a Treasury Order or other Executive measure, they will not set about it as though eating thistles.

The gist of this matter to our mind lies here: Mr. Van Buren's Administration comes in wholly uncommitted with regard to this same Treasury Order, and in a position to continue, to modify, or to revoke it, as circumstances shall render expedient and a full consideration shall determine.

The Farewell Address of President Jackson, on his retirement from public life, was issued from the Globe Office on Saturday last. Reaching us at the same time with Mr. Van Buren's Inaugural, the last proceedings of Congress, and other important intelligence, we are unable to make room for it in our columns. This is the less to be regretted since its doctrines and views have already been forcibly and repeatedly presented in the several Annual, Veto and other Messages of the President during the last five years. We do not discover a single novel suggestion, though we observe that his hostility to all Banks, all incorporations, and all issues of paper money, has become strengthened and embittered.

The necessity of a general and fervent attachment to our Federal Union is most strongly insisted on. The efforts and objects of the Abolitionists are strongly denounced and stigmatized. The policy of the Removal of the Indians to the territory beyond the Mississippi is eulogized as just and philanthropic. Internal Improvements by the General Government are condemned as unconstitutional. The Distribution of the Surplus Revenue, or, as it is phrased, raising money for distribution, meets with similar reprehension. A Protective Tariff is set forth as the prolific source of national evils, and a reduction of that now in force urgently suggested. The people are warned to be on their guard against the seductive influences of accumulated or associated wealth, and the doctrine that wealth is naturally if not inevitably hostile to the interests of the poorer classes is pretty broadly asserted. We believe these comprise all the leading propositions of the Address.

The Inauguration at Washington took place at the east front of the Capitol. The day was splendid, and the concourse immense. For some days, it had been impossible to obtain lodgings in Washington, or even in Georgetown. The oath was administered to Mr. Van Buren by Chief Justice Taney. After the ceremony had been concluded, the procession moved to the White House, where the new President held a levee, which was so fully attended that great numbers could not reach the door. Those who succeeded in entering, were entertained with munificent hospitality. The Inauguration Ball in the evening was the most superb affair ever got up at the Metropolis. Mr. Van Buren and the Heads of Departments attended; Gen. Jackson was unable. We hear that the latter has temporarily taken up his residence with Mr. Blair, of the Globe, until he shall feel able to commence his journey to the Hermitage.

The New Administration.—Rumor for once spoke truth in her latest premonitions with regard to Mr. Van Buren's Cabinet. All the old Secretaries have been retained, and Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, has been called to the bureau of the War Department. The Cabinet will therefore stand, for the present—

Hon. John Forsyth, of Georgia, *Secretary of State.*
" Levi Woodbury, of N. Hampshire, *Sec. of the Treasury.*
" Joel R. Poinsett, of N. Carolina, *Secretary of War.*
" Mahlon Dickerson, of N. Jersey, *Secretary of the Navy.*
" Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, *Attorney General.*
" Amos Kendall, of Kentucky, *Postmaster General.*

The new Senate was organized in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol on Saturday—51 Members present. The new Senators are, Reuel Williams, of Maine, Perry Smith, of Connecticut, William Allen, of Ohio, Oliver H. Smith, of Indiana, and John M'Kinley, of Alabama;—all but the last-named present. Mr. Sevier, of Arkansas, whose term expired with the last Congress, retained his seat—on what principle we do not exactly understand. Hon. Richard M. Johnson was inaugurated as Vice President, took his seat as President of the Senate, and acknowledged the honor in a brief speech. He afterward resigned the Chair, *pro tem.*, and Hon. William R. King, of Alabama, was elected President.

On Tuesday morning, President Van Buren submitted the following nominations:

Joel R. Poinsett of South Carolina, Secretary of War.
George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania, Minister to Russia.
Powhatan Ellis, Minister to Mexico.
Abraham Van Buren, to be Secretary to sign land warrants, &c.
Wm. E. Haywood of N.C. Charge d'Affaires to Belgium.
Wm. W. Chew of Philadelphia, Secretary of Legation to Russia.
Henry Wheaton, Minister to Prussia.
Heman Lowrie, Marshal of Vermont.
John P. Henry, Navy Agent at Savannah.
John Anderson, Collector at Portland.

The last nomination is in place of Gen. Chandler, who declined a re-appointment. There is one nomination in this list which surprises us—that of Mr. Ellis as Minister to Mexico, when he has just returned from that country, in consequence of a direct and violent rupture with the Government. Of course, the matter is fully understood at Washington, and is doubtless all right; but if Santa Ana should not have overthrown the adverse order of things in Mexico, the re-appointed Minister will be apt to look three or four ways on landing, and come back 'with a flea in his ear.'

A great number of re-nominations of Collectors, Surveyors, &c. were likewise made—all of which with the above will doubtless be confirmed with little opposition.

Hon. Balie Peyton, we hear, declines a reelection to Congress.

Minister to Texas.—One of the last acts of President Jackson was the nomination of Hon. Alcee Labranche, Speaker of the House in Louisiana, as Minister Plenipotentiary to Texas. The old Senate did not act upon the nomination.

The General Investigating Committee appointed by the House of Representatives finished its labors by submitting two Reports to Congress—the one embodying the views of the Administration majority, the other of the Opposition minority. We have not room for any part of them at this time. Mr. Wise's Report, from the minority, would fill twenty columns of this paper. The following is among the latest acts of the Committee:

TUESDAY, March 2, 1837.

In Select Committee to inquire into the condition of the various Executive Departments, &c. under the resolution of the 17th January—

Mr. Pearce of R.I. moved the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved unanimously, That notwithstanding the highly exciting topics of discussion which have come before this Committee, and their frequent and animating debates, the Hon. Henry A. Wise, as their Chairman, has at all times so conducted as to entitle him to their thanks, which are hereby accorded to him.

RHODE ISLAND.—The only opposition to the ticket for State Officers presented by the dominant party is made by the friends of a Reform of the Constitution, or rather the formation of a Constitution, as the State has no other than the Charter granted her by a British King. The following is the Reform Ticket:

For Governor—WILLIAM PECKHAM, S. Kingstown.

Lt. Gov.—SAMUEL ALLEN, Newport.

Senators—Richard Anthony, Isaiah Cole, Dan King, Otis Mason, Robert F. Noyes, Samuel Clarke, Metcalf Marsh, Nathan K. Stone, Joseph Osborn, Robert Hazard.

Secretary—Henry Bowen.

Attorney General—Albert C. Greene.

UNITED STATES PILOT LAW.

The following Bill has passed both Houses of Congress:

AN ACT CONCERNING PILOTS.—*Be it enacted* by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall and may be lawful for the master or commander of any vessel coming into or going out of any port situate upon waters which are the boundary between two States, to employ any pilot duly authorised by the laws of either of the States bounded on the said waters, to pilot the said vessel to or from said port; any law, usage or custom, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Retraction.—The following extract of a letter from the present General commanding in Florida, does him honor, as his previous conduct in the matter was in the highest degree base and disgraceful. His repentance comes late;—we trust not too late to ensure justice to the objects of his whispered calumnies:

Extract of a letter from Gen. Jesup to the Adjutant General.

"As an act of justice to all my predecessors in command, I consider it my duty to say that the difficulties attending military operations in this country can be properly appreciated only by those acquainted with them. I have had advantages which neither of them possessed, in better preparations and more abundant supplies, and I found it impossible to operate with any prospect of success, until I had established a line of depots across the country.

"This is a service which no man would seek with any other view than the mere performance of his duty; distinction or increase of reputation is out of the question; and the difficulties are such that the best concerted plans may result in absolute failure, and the best established reputation be lost without a fault.

"If I have at any time said aught in disparagement of the operations of others in Florida, either verbally or in writing, officially or unofficially, knowing the country as I now know it, I consider myself bound, as a man of honor, solemnly to retract it."

The Maine Boundary Question.—The Boston Advocate insists that the cause of the dispute between this country and Great Britain with regard to the Northern boundary of Maine lies in this circumstance—that Nature has not made any 'highlands' where we wish to find them. The same print suggests the following basis of an accommodation:

"Perhaps the British and American nations cannot adopt a better plan to settle this amicable disagreement, than to draw a line over hill and dale, swamp and forest, from New-Brunswick to Canada, from east to west, on the parallel of latitude that runs through the most northern source of the Penobscot, and let this astronomical and mathematical line be the northern boundary of the United States—between the eastern and northern lines of Maine."

Editor Blair of the Globe, it is said, will shortly retire from the official paper, and return to Kentucky. We hope the story that *Alex. H. Everett* is to succeed him may prove well founded.

Our Legislature have at length threatened to do something. While they have been pondering whether to abolish the Pilot Monopoly or to varnish and cherish it, Congress has quietly stepped in and settled the whole business, by simply enacting that Connecticut and New-Jersey Pilots may rightfully bring vessels into the port of New-York. It is no longer of any consequence whether our Pilots shall be appointed by the Governor and Senate, by a Board of political or of commercial Commissioners; the Monopoly is for ever destroyed. 'So mote it be!'

But the subject on which our Legislature have given symptoms of a disposition to act, is the important one of Banking. On Wednesday of last week, Mr. Robinson, Chairman of the Bank Committee, submitted to the House a bill contemplating a *General Banking Law* for the State of New-York. By the terms of this bill, the whole business of Banking, including the issue of notes, is to be thrown open to unlimited competition; qualified only by those general regulations which are deemed essenial to the security of the public and the safety of the currency. Most heartily do we congratulate the whole business community on the brighter prospects afforded them by this demonstration.

From indications afforded by the columns of the Albany Argus and through other channels, we cannot doubt that this proposition has the approval in advance of the State Administration. Such being the case, there is no room to question its ultimate success. The Argus, nearly a fortnight since, came out with a full and frank admission of the evils which have recently grown up under the existing system, and expressed a desire to see them obviated or removed. Those who know the circumspect and politic course of that journal were at once assured that a change had been decided on in the councils of the State. Since the Opposition Members of both Houses will generally and ardently support this measure, we indulge the hope that its details may be so adjusted as to secure a nearly unanimous vote in its favor.

There may be—there doubtless is—much difference of opinion with regard to that section of the bill which proposes to retain the Safety Fund system and extend its operation so as to embrace all voluntary banking associations.—The proposal meets our entire approbation. The Safety Fund system doubtless needs amendment. The law which extends its application should, and we hope will, purify it from every color or suspicion of party bias or party machinery, and render it a purely financial regulation—a mutual insurance of the people against Bank insolvency at the expense of the Banks themselves. The principle on which the system is based is simply that those who more immediately and considerably enjoy the benefits resulting from the existence of Banks ought to secure the large residue of the public from the evils which do or may flow therefrom. We most unhesitatingly assert the soundness of this principle, and would gladly record such an amendment of the Safety Fund enactments as would provide for the indemnification of the honest receivers of counterfeit notes on the Banks contributing to the Fund. The only valid objection to such a provision is this—that it might open a door to multiplied fraud, and afford indirect encouragement to counterfeiting. We can hardly deem this insuperable.

We shall not discuss the details of the new bill at this time, when each successive mail may bring intelligence of important changes therein. The following is a synopsis of its provisions:

1. The law allows 20 or more persons to associate for banking purposes.

2. It requires an amount not less than $200,000, nor more than $2,000,000, to be actually paid, in specie or current bank bills, issued by authority of the laws of this State, before commencing the business of banking.

3. The associations are to have the same privileges as the existing banks, except that they are not permitted to issue bills under $20.

4. All the private property of the associated bankers is liable for the payment of the debts of the association, after its property and effects shall have been exhausted.

5. Requires those who associate to publish their names and places of residence.

6. Allows a transfer of stock on the books, and during the hours of business, requires the books to be kept open for *public* inspection.

7. Requires the name and amount of stock of each stockholder to be posted up in a conspicuous part of the banking house, to be corrected monthly.

8. If any association has a capital of $200,000 paid in, the association may put in circulation its evidences of debt, to the amount of once and a half of its capital—that is to say, $300,000 of its promissory notes.

9. If any such association shall refuse to pay specie for its bills for ten days, it shall be discontinued until it resumes the payment of specie.

10. Every such association shall, on the first days of January and July, in each year, make a full statement of all its affairs to the Comptroller; and in case of failure, such association is to be proceeded against and dissolved in the same manner as the existing banks.

11. Half yearly dividends are to be made in the same manner, and subject to the same liabilities as are applicable to the safety-fund banks.

12. No bank of this State or of any other State shall purchase or hold any part of the stock of such association, except by way of hypothecation for a pre-existing debt, and then the association shall sell such stock in sixty days.

13. Such associations shall be assessed and taxed on their capital in the same manner as incorporated banks.

14. The association shall be confined in carrying on their business to the place designated in the certificate of the associates required to be filed in the Comptroller's office, before the association can commence business.

15. The association cannot go into operation without the approbation of a Banking Commissioner, stating that the association has complied with the requisitions of the act.

16. The provisions of the Revised Statutes, in relation to banks incorporated since 1828, are made applicable to such associations as may be formed under this act, except where any provision of the Revised Statutes, may be inconsistent with or is modified by this act.

17. The Legislature may alter, amend, modify or repeal this act.

P.S.—The Surplus Distribution bill drags its slow length through the Senate. It has been decided that the share which comes to this State shall be loaned to the several Counties. The Opposition members of both Houses have struggled hard to have the money loaned by the Board of Supervisors of each County; but it has been decided that the duty shall be devolved on two or more Loan Commissioners in each, to be appointed by the Governor and Senate.

The Pilot Bill and the General Banking Law are still in the House.

IMPORTANT FROM FLORIDA.—We have received a proof sheet from the office of the Charleston Courier, dated the 1st instant, containing the following interesting news from Florida, by which it will be seen that the *war is not ended yet.*

The schooner Polly, Captain Felker, arrived yesterday from Jacksonville. We learn from Capt. F. that Gen. Jesup had sent to Garey's Ferry for 400 horses to renew the campaign, the Chiefs not having come in according to agreement, and that the steamer Forrester had been despatched to Savannah on Sunday last.

We learn also by a passenger in the schr. S. S. Mills, from St. Augustine, that intelligence had been received at that place stating that hostilities were to have commenced on Saturday last, 25th ult.

We further learn from Capt. Southwick, of the schr. S. S. Mills, that two of General Hernandez's negroes that were captured about twenty months ago by the Indians had made their escape and arrived at St. Augustine on Saturday last, 25th ult., who state that about 400 Indian warriors were concentrated near Pilatkakahah of Philip's gang, and that Abraham had gone in to Gen. Jesup and given himself up, where he intended to remain; and there were a large number of Indians about Musquito.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FEB. 27, 1837.

The War not ended yet!—On Saturday night last, information was received from Gen. Jesup's Camp at Dade's Battle Ground, and we regret to state, that it is far from cheering. It is stated, that the Indians have held no talk, nor have the chiefs returned as they agreed to. Gen. Jesup was to wait until Saturday when he would re-commence hostilities. About one hundred Indians had been in the Camp, and Abraham and others were allowed free ingress and egress.

On Saturday night last, Gen. Hernandez's two negroes Aleck and Stephen, who were taken by the Indians in May last, returned, having effected their escape on horseback. We have not seen them, but we learn that they state that there is a great deal of dissension in the nation. The Chiefs are willing to give up, but the young warriors are averse to it; that they have plenty of ammunition; that Philip's tribe at Topkoliky have not been disturbed; and that they have a force of more than 400 fighting men. That in the attack upon the breast work at Lake Monroe they lost one killed and three wounded, and that the party did dot know of the armistice. A report prevails among them that Gen. Jesup, in holding out the offer of a talk intends to get them, handcuff them, and ship them off, and this has prevented their attending. Many of them are

now going South with their families. These negroes are to be examined in relation to the correspondence which has been carried on with the negroes in town, and much interesting information is expected to be obtained from them. They are in prison.

LATER FROM FLORIDA.

SANTA FE BRIDGE, Feb. 19.

"Here we are lying just as dormant as a snake in December, we have erected a Fort and named it Harlie, in honor of our Commandant. Twenty miles from this post from eighty to one hundred warriors are located, but we are ordered to be still until the talk is over. Gen. Jesup is at Dade's Battle Ground and intends holding a talk upon the sacred dust which now covers the remains of the illustrious dead—how appropriate the spot? What thoughts will arise in the bosoms of those who listen to the converse of Micanopy and behold the blood thirsty Jumper! Whether the talk will accomplish all that is expected, I cannot divine, but it is my opinion that their warlike spirit is greatly subdued, and that ere long they will fall unhonored and unsung.

"Jumper, I understand is already at camp,—he is as ragged as an inmate of St. Giles, and as haughty as his honor the Lord Mayor,—though he is blood thirsty, yet we must admire the manner in which he conducts himself. The fallen Chieftan is not dejected,—he resembles the native oak of his forest, too proud to bend to the raging storm, though the cloud of despair hangs o'er his head,—he murmurs not—he holds communion alone with that omnipotent power who governs the destinies of nations."

FORT HALLE, Santa Fe Bridge, Feb. 21.

"The express from Gen. Jesup has just arrived. He states that only ninety Indians have come in—among them are old Micanopy, and the Negro Chieftan Abraham, who is Chief Counsellor of Micanopy, and the Prophet of the Seminoles. This fellow led the van at the massacre of the lamented Dade, and is considered a most ferocious monster; and yet this polluted demon comes into camp, his hand reeking with the blood of the innocent, to sue for peace.

"This morning news came in that Gen. Jesup would bring the war to a speedy termination—but now the clouds begin to lower o'er our tents, and seem to indicate another storm. More blood I think will moisten distracted Florida ere the war-whoop dies in the winds, and the scalping knife is buried.

"If the Indians don't come in by 27th of this month, we are to commence burning powder. I trust hereafter there will be no more paralyzing—now is the time for action! It is perfectly absurd to take the word of an Indians for they are as false as the winds."

SANTA FE BRIDGE, Feb. 23.

"An express has just arrived from the head quarters of Gen. Jesup, ordering that his staff be mustered into service. The express stated that ninety odd Indians have gone in, with Jumper and Alligator. Micanopy is still sick. The commander at Fort Drane writes that things progress slowly in regard to the council, but says there is no doubt of an amicable result."

FROM EUROPE.

The packet ships Westchester, which sailed on the 26th January, and the Ocmulgee, Capt. Leavitt, which left Liverpool on the 30th, arrived off this port on Thursday night—the latter bringing five days' later advices than we had previously received. The news is of minor interest.

ENGLAND.—Parliament would convene on the 31st, and the Reformers are in high spirits. Three new Peers have been created, and three Lords created Earls. O'Connell is destroying his influence in Ireland as well as England. There is still a pressure in the Money Market, but nothing to what is felt on this side of the Atlantic. Five per cent. is the established rate of interest. The Agricultural Bank of Ireland, which recently stopped payment, has paid its debt, and has a surplus of about $1,000,000.

SPAIN.—Letters from St. Sebastian, of the 7th inst., report favorably of the position of affairs there. Ribeiro's division of 6,000 men was daily expected.

Advices from Bayonne, of the 14th inst., confirm previous accounts respecting the attack on the Carlists. On the 11th, Espartero received, by way of Santander, forty thousand pairs of shoes, and twelve thousand suits of clothes, for the use of his division. He has also received a supply of money and other necessaries. General Saarsfield, who planned the expedition, has received clothes, &c. for his division. General Evans is the worst off. The Legion is without supplies. Mendizabel complains of great mismanagement in the distribution of the funds destined for the Legion. But great exertions were making in Bayonne to extricate Evans from his present difficulties, and it was expected that before the 20th, the men would be in a condition to attack Irun and Fontarabia. The Carlists are making what preparations they can to avert the threatened attack.

In the last Madrid journals appear two orders of the day, issued by Gen. Narvaez, and dated Burgos, the 6th inst., in which he formally resigns the command of the vanguard of the army of the north, and announces that he gives it up to his successor, Col. Zavala. This is a very serious blow to the Queen's cause.

He beat Gomez in Estremadura, and he would have made a prisoner of the rebel chief but for the seemingly treacherous conduct of Gen. Alaix, who for a time set the orders of the Government at defiance. Gomez is brother in-law of Alaix, and it was even told Don Carlos that the former secretly made over a part of the plunder to Narvaes entertained similar suspicions of the conduct of his colleague in arms.

FRANCE.—Letters from Toulon of the 11th Jan. state that all the troops to be sent from France to assist in the second expedition against Constantine are to be embarked by the 20th February.

The latest advices from Bona are of the 28th Dec. They state that there was still in the hospital there 1,200 soldiers, sick or wounded, who had formed part of the army defeated at Constantine. Youssouf, who commanded at Guelma, being ill, Col. Dunivier had been appointed to relieve him.

It appears from the French journals that the new expedition to Constantine will be composed of thirteen regiments, a great number of artillery (forming the full complement for ten batteries,) a great number of engineers, 2,000 cavalry, and three battalions of sharpshooters of Africa. Several of the detachments of the 47th of the line, the 17th light infantry, the 2d of engineers, amounting to 300 men, have arrived in the environs of Toulon, and wait only for a conveyance to Africa. All the regiments which are to take part in the expedition are already forming their battalions, the effective force of which is not to be less than 800 men each. The army will exceed 25,000 men.

A letter from Lyons, of Jan. 13, mentions a report on good authority, that an attempt had been made at Turin to assassinate the King of Sardinia. The ruffian, armed with two daggers and a brace of pistols, was seized just as he was in the act of attacking the King.

John Quincy Adams.—It will be recollected that the House of Representatives of the United States held a session one night last week, and did not adjourn until near daylight in the morning. A correspondent of the New York Express says that—"John Quincy Adams was seen going home in the dawn of the morning, having kept his seat all night, old as he is, awaiting and watching all the doings of the House. What renders this fact yet more curious is, that there was a little party at his house the same night, where were assembled, with their parents, many little girls, the companions of his grand children, to an evening's dance—in which sports, it is said, he always enters heartily, enjoying all their gambols over much; but children, nor friends, could draw the veteran from his seat."

Congressional Joke.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Courier & Enquirer relates the following anecdote:—"The Hon. John Cramer, of the New York delegation, one of the slyest politicians of the day, and a most indefatigable manager, one day last summer came out of the Hall of the House, and left Mr. M., of Va., speaking to about half a dozen dozing members. As he entered the lobby, Mr. Aaron Ward, of New York, met him with—'Well, Cramer, what is that man about?' 'Nothing,' said Cramer, 'only he is opening his cellar windows to let out the darkness.'"

Distressing Intelligence.—Letters received from Manilla, by the owners of the ship Augustus, Lang, (late George W. Lamson,) of this port, state that the ship arrived at Manilla, Oct. 23d, from the Fegee Islands. On her passage from the Fegees, the Augustus touched at the Carolina Islands, to trade with the natives, and remained 2 or 3 days. As Capt. Lamson with a boat's crew, was leaving the Island for the last time, (the ship being under way, ready for sea,) they were attacked by a party of natives; one of them came behind Capt. Lamson, and struck him with a club, killing him instantly, and the others discharged a shower of arrows at the men in the boat, wounding four of them severely. The schooner Albion, (tender to the Augustus, and commanded by Mr. Lakeman, her chief officer) was supposed to be totally lost, with her officers and crew, among the Fegee Islands, previous to the sailing of the Augustus. [Salem Register.

Steamboat Accident—Warning.—The Ben Sherrod steamer stopped off Vicksburg, Feb. 20, to land passengers; but 18 of them imprudently getting into the yawl before it was lowered, and the bow fall being let go too soon, caused the boat to fill with water, by which eleven of the passengers in her were, it is said, drowned.

Fire in Troy.—A fire occurred on Thursday night last in the new brick store of Anthony & Morrison, situated near the Railroad bridge, at the foot of Federal-street. A quantity of lumber, in and adjacent to the same, was also burned. The loss is estimated at $2,000.

Hon. William Smith, of Alabama, and John Catron, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., were likewise nominated by the President as District Judges of the U. S. Courts.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens:—The practice of all my predecessors imposes on me an obligation I cheerfully fulfil, to accompany the first and solemn act of my public trust with an avowal of the principles that will guide me in performing it, and an expression of my feelings on assuming a charge so responsible and vast. In imitating this example, I tread in the footsteps of illustrious men, whose superiors, it is our happiness to believe, are not found on the executive calander of any country.—Among them, we recognize the earliest and firmest pillars of the republic; those by whom our national independence was first declared—him who, above all others, contributed to establish it on the field of battle; and those whose expanded intellect and patriotism constructed, improved, and perfected the inestimable institutions under which we live. If such men, in the position I now occupy, felt themselves overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude for this, the highest of all marks of their country's confidence, and by a consciousness of their inability adequately to discharge the duties of an office so difficult and exalted, how much more must these considerations affect one, who can rely on no such claims for favor or forbearance.

Unlike all who have preceded me, the Revolution, that gave us existence as a nation, was achieved at the period of my birth; and whilst I contemplate with grateful reverence that memorable event, I feel that I belong to a later age, and that I may not expect my countrymen to weigh my actions with the same kind and partial hand.

So sensibly, fellow-citizens, do these circumstances press themselves upon me, that I should not dare to enter upon my path of duty, did I not look for the generous aid of those who will be associated with me in the various and co-ordinate branches of the Government; did I not repose, with unwavering reliance, on the patriotism, the intelligence, and the kindness of a people who never yet deserted a public servant honestly laboring in their cause; and, above all, did I not permit myself humbly to hope for the sustaining support of an ever watchful and beneficent Providence.

To the confidence and consolation derived from these sources, it would be ungrateful not to add those which spring from our present fortunate condition. Though not altogether exempt from embarrassments that disturb our tranquillity at home and threaten it abroad, yet, in all the attributes of a great, happy, and flourishing people, we stand without a parallel in the world. Abroad, we enjoy the respect, and, with scarcely an exception, the friendship of every nation: at home, while our Government quietly, but efficiently, performs the sole legitimate end of political institutions, in doing the greatest good to the greatest number, we present an aggregate of human prosperity surely not elsewhere to be found.

How imperious, then, is the obligation imposed upon every citizen, in his own sphere of action, whether limited or extended, to exert himself in perpetuating a condition of things so singularly happy. All the lessons of history and experience must be lost upon us, if we are content to trust alone to the peculiar advantages we happen to possess. Position and climate, and the bounteous resources that nature has scattered with so liberal a hand—even the diffused intelligence and elevated character of our people—will avail us nothing, if we fail sacredly to uphold those political institutions that were wisely and deliberately formed, with reference to every circumstance that could preserve, or might endanger the blessings we enjoy. The thoughtful framers of our Constitution legislated for our country as they found it. Looking upon it with the eyes of statesmen and of patriots, they saw all the sources of rapid and wonderful prosperity; but they saw also that various habits, opinions, and institutions, peculiar to the various portions of so vast a region, were deeply fixed. Distinct sovereignties were in actual existence, whose cordial union was essential to the welfare and happiness of all. Between many of them there was at least, to some extent, a real diversity of interests, liable to be exaggerated through sinister designs; they differed in size, in population, in wealth, and in actual and prospective resources and power; they varied in the character of their industry and staple productions; and in some existed domestic institutions, which, unwisely disturbed, might endanger the harmony of the whole. Most carefully were all these circumstances weighed, and the foundations of the new Government laid upon principles of reciprocal concession and equitable compromise. The jealousies which the smaller States might entertain of the power of the rest were allayed by a rule of representation, confessedly unequal at the time, and designed for ever to remain so.

A natural fear that the broad scope of general legislation might bear upon and unwisely control particular interests, was counteracted by limits strictly drawn around the action of the Federal authority; and to the people and the States was left unimpaired their sovereign power over the innumerable subjects embraced in the internal Government of a just Republic, excepting such only as necessarily appertain to the concerns of the whole confederacy, or its intercourse, as a united community, with the other nations of the world.

This provident forecast has been verified by time. Half a century, teeming with extraordinary events, and elsewhere producing astonishing results, has passed along; but on our institutions it has left no injurious mark. From a small community, we have risen to a people powerful in numbers and in strength; but with our increase has gone, hand in hand, the progress of just principles; the privileges, civil and religious, of the humblest individual are still sacredly protected at home; and, while the valor and fortitude of our people have removed far from us the slightest apprehension of foreign power, they have not yet induced us, in a single instance, to forget what is right.

Our commerce has been extended to the remotest nations: the value, and even nature, of our productions has been greatly changed; a wide difference has arisen in the relative wealth and resources of every portion of our country; yet the spirit of mutual regard and of faithful adherence to existing

compacts, has continued to prevail in our councils, and never long been absent from our conduct. We have learned by experience a fruitful lesson: that an implicit and undeviating adherence to the principles on which we set out, can carry us prosperously onward through all the conflicts of circumstances, and the vicissitudes in separable from the lapse of years.

The success that has thus attended our great experiment, is, in itself, a sufficient cause for gratitude, on account of the happiness it has actually conferred, and the example it has unanswerably given. But to me, my fellow citizens, looking forward to the far-distant future, with ardent prayers and confiding hopes, this retrospect presents a ground for still deeper delight. It impresses on my mind a firm belief that the perpetuity of our institutions depends upon ourselves; that, if we maintain the principles on which they were established, they are destined to confer their benefits on countless generations yet to come; and that America will present to every friend of mankind the cheering proof, that a popular Government wisely formed, is wanting in no element of endurance or strength.

Fifty years ago, its rapid failure was boldly predicted. Latent and uncontrollable causes of dissolution were supposed to exist, even by the wise and good; and not only did unfriendly or speculative theorists anticipate for us the fate of past republics, but the fears of many an honest patriot overbalanced his sanguine hopes. Look back on these forebodings, not hastily, but reluctantly made, and see how, in every instance, they have completely failed.

An imperfect experience, during the struggles of the revolution, was supposed to warrant a belief that the people would not bear the taxation requisite to discharge an immense public debt already incurred, and to defray the necessary expenses of the Government. The cost of two wars has been paid, not only without a murmur, but with unequalled alacrity. No one is now left to doubt that every burden will be cheerfully borne that may be necessary to sustain our civil institutions, or guard our honor or our welfare. Indeed, all experience has shown that the willingness of the people to contribute to these ends in cases of emergency, has uniformly outrun the confidence of their representatives.

In the early stages of the new Government, when all felt the imposing influence, as they recognised the unequalled services of the first President, it was a common sentiment that the great weight of his character could alone bind the discordant materials of our Government together, and save us from the violence of contending factions. Since his death, nearly forty years are gone. Party exasperation has been often carried to its highest point; the virtue and the fortitude of the people have sometimes been greatly tried; yet our system, purified and enhanced in value by all it has encountered, still preserves its spirit of free and fearless discussion, blended with unimpaired fraternal feeling.

The capacity of the people for self-government, and their willingness, from a high sense of duty, and without those exhibitions of coercive power so generally employed in other countries, to submit to all needful restraints and exactions of the municipal law, have also been favorably exemplified in the history of the American States. Occasionally, it is true, the ardor of public sentiment, outrunning the regular progress of the judicial tribunals, or seeking to reach causes not denounced as criminal by the existing law, has displayed itself in a manner calculated to give pain to the friends of free government, and to encourage the hopes of those who wish for its overthrow. These occurrences, however, have been far less frequent in our country than in any other of equal population on the globe; and with the diffusion of intelligence, it may well be hoped that they will constantly diminish in frequency and violence. The generous patriotism and sound common sense of the great mass of our fellow citizens will assuredly in time, produce this result; for as every assumption of illegal power not only wounds the majesty of the law, but furnishes a pretext for abridging the liberties of the people, the latter have the most direct and permanent interest in preserving the great land-marks of social order, and maintaining, on all occasions, the inviolability of those constitutional and legal provisions which they themselves have made.

In a supposed unfitness of our institutions for those hostile emergencies, which no country can always avoid, their friends found a fruitful source of apprehension, their enemies of hope. While they foresaw less promptness of action than in Governments differently formed, they overlooked the far more important consideration that with us war could never be the result of individual or irresponsible will, but must be a measure of redress for injuries sustained, voluntarily resorted to by those who were to bear the necessary sacrifice, who would consequently feel an individual interest in the contest, and whose energy would be commensurate with the difficulties to be encountered. Actual events have proved their error; the last war, far from impairing, gave new confidence to our Government; and amid recent apprehensions of a similar conflict, we saw that the energies of our country would not be wanting in ample season to vindicate its rights. We may not possess, as we should not desire to possess, the extended and ever ready military organization of other nations; we may occasionally suffer in the outset for the want of it; but, among ourselves, all doubt upon this great point has ceased, while a salutary experience will present a contrary opinion from inviting aggressions from abroad.

Certain danger was foretold from the extension of our territory, the multiplication of States, and the increase of population. Our system was supposed to be adapted only to boundaries comparatively narrow. These have been widened beyond conjecture; the members of our confederacy are already doubled; and the numbers of our people are incredibly augmented. The alleged causes of danger have long surpassed anticipation but none of the consequences have followed. The power and influence of the republic have risen to a height obvious to all mankind; respect for its authority was not more apparent at its ancient, than it is at its present limits; new and inexhaustible sources of general prosperity have been opened; the effects of distance have been averted by the inventive genius of our people, developed and fostered by the spirit of our institutions; and the enlarged variety and amount of interests, productions, and pursuits, have strengthened the chain of mutual dependence, and formed a circle of mutual benefits, too apparent ever to be overlooked.

In justly balancing the powers of the Federal and State authorities, difficulties nearly insurmountable arose at the outset, and subsequent collisions were inevitable. Amid these, it was scarcely believed possible that a scheme of government, so complex in construction, could remain uninjured. From time to time embarrassments have certainly occurred; but how just is the confidence of future safety imparted, by the knowledge that each in succession has been happily removed. Overlooking partial and temporary evils as inseparable from the practical operation of all human institutions, and looking only to the general result, every patriot has reason to be satisfied. While the Federal Government has successfully performed its appropriate functions in relation to foreign affairs, and concerns evidently national, that of every State has remarkably improved in protecting and developing local interests and individual welfare, and if the vibrations of authority have occasionally tended too much towards one or the other, it is unquestionably certain that the ultimate operation of the entire system has been to strengthen all the existing institutions, and to elevate our whole country in prosperity and renown.

The last, perhaps the greatest, of the prominent sources of discord and disaster supposed to lurk in our political condition, was the institution of domestic slavery. Our forefathers were deeply impressed with the delicacy of this subject, and they treated it with a forbearance so evidently wise, that, in spite of every sinister foreboding, it never, until the present period, disturbed the tranquillity of our common country.

Such a result is sufficient evidence of the justice and the patriotism of their course; it is evidence not to be mistaken, that an adherence to it can prevent all embarrassment from this, as well as from every other anticipated cause of difficulty and danger. Have not recent events made it obvious to the slightest reflection, that the least deviation from this spirit of forbearance is injurious to every interest, that of humanity included? Amidst the violence of excited passions, this generous and fraternal feeling has been sometimes disregarded; and, standing as I now do before my countrymen in this high place of honor and of trust, I cannot refrain from anxiously invoking my fellow-citizens never to be deaf to its dictates.

Perceiving before my election, the deep interest this subject was beginning to excite, I believed it a solemn duty fully to make known my sentiments in regard to it—and now, when every motive for misrepresentation has passed away, I trust that they will be candidly weighed and understood. At least they will be my standard of conduct in the path before me. I then declared that, if the desire of those of my countrymen who were favorable to my election was gratified, "I must go into the Presidential Chair the inflexible and uncompromising opponent of every attempt, on the part of Congress, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, against the wishes of the slaveholding States; and also with a determination equally decided to resist the slightest interference with it in the States where it exists." I submitted also to my fellow-citizens, with fullness and frankness, the reasons which led me to this determination. The result authorizes me to believe that they have been approved, and are confided in, by a majority of the people of the United States, including those whom they most immediately affect. It now only remains to add, that no bill conflicting with these views can ever receive my constitutional sanction.

These opinions have been adopted in the firm belief that they are in accordance with the spirit that actuated the venerated fathers of the republic, and that succeeding experience has proved them to be humane, patriotic, expedient, honorable and just. If the agitation of this subject was intended to reach the stability of our institutions, enough has occurred to show that it has signally failed; and that in this, as in every other instance, the apprehensions of the timid and the hopes of the wicked for the destruction of our government, are again destined to be disappointed. Here and there, indeed, scenes of dangerous excitement have occurred; terrifying instances of local violence have been witnessed; and a reckless disregard of the consequences of their conduct, has exposed individuals to popular indignation; but neither masses of the people, nor sections of the country, have been swerved from their devotion to the bond of union, and the principles it has made sacred. It will be ever thus. Such attempts at dangerous agitation may periodically return, but with each the object will be better understood. That predominating affection for our political system which prevails throughout our territorial limits; that calm and enlightened judgment which ultimately governs our people as one vast body; will always be at hand to resist and control every effort, foreign or domestic, which aims, or would lead to overthrow our institutions.

What can be more gratifying than such a retrospect as this! We look back on obstacles avoided, and dangers overcome; on expectations more than realized, and prosperity perfectly secured. To the hopes of the hostile, the fears of the timid, and the doubts of the anxious, actual experience has given the conclusive reply. We have seen time gradually dispel every unfavorable foreboding, and our constitution surmount every adverse circumstance, dreaded at the outset as beyond control.

Present excitement will, at all times, magnify present dangers; but true philosophy must teach us that none more threatening than the past can remain to be overcome; and we ought, for we have just reason, to entertain an abiding confidence in the stability of our institutions, and an entire conviction that, if administered in the true form, character, and spirit in which they were established, they are abundantly adequate to preserve to us and our children the rich blessings already derived from them; to make our beloved land, for a thousand generations, that chosen spot where happiness springs from a perfect equality of political rights.

For myself, therefore, I desire to declare, that the principle that will govern me in the high duty to which my country calls me, is, a strict adherence to the letter and spirit of the constitution, as it was designed by those who framed it. Looking back to it as a sacred instrument, carefully and not easily framed; remembering that it was throughout a work of concession and compromise; viewing it as limited to national objects; regarding it as leaving to the people and the States all power not explicitly parted with; I shall endeavor to preserve, protect, and defend it, by anxiously referring to its provisions for direction in every action. To matters of domestic concernment which it has intrusted to the Federal Government, and to such as relate to our intercourse with foreign nations, I shall zealously devote myself; beyond those limits I shall never pass.

To enter, on this occasion, into a further or more minute exposition of my views on the various questions of domestic policy would be as obtrusive as it is probably unexpected. Before the suffrages of my countrymen were conferred upon me, I submitted to them, with great precision, my opinions on all the most prominent of these subjects.

Our course of foreign policy has been so uniform and intelligible, as to constitute a rule of executive conduct which leaves little to my discretion, unless, indeed, I were willing to run counter to the lights of experience, and the known opinions of my constituents. We sedulously cultivate the friendship of all nations, as the condition most compatible with our welfare, and the principles of our government. We decline alliances, as adverse to our peace. We desire commercial relations on equal terms, being ever willing to give a fair equivalent for advantages received. We endeavor to conduct our intercourse with openness and sincerity; promptly avowing our objects, and seeking to establish that mutual frankness which is as beneficial in the dealings of nations as of men. We have no disposition, and disclaim all right, to meddle in disputes, whether internal or foreign, that may molest other countries; regarding them, in their actual state, as social communities, and preserving a strict neutrality in all their controversies. Well knowing the tried valor of our people, and our exhaustless resources, we neither anticipate nor fear any designed aggression; and, in the consciousness of our own just conduct, we feel a security that we shall never be called upon to exert our determination, never to permit an invasion of our rights without punishment or redress.

In approaching, then, in the presence of my assembled countrymen, to make the solemn promise that yet remains, and to pledge myself that I will faithfully execute the office I am about to fill,—I bring with me a settled purpose to maintain the institutions of my country, which, I trust, will atone for the errors I commit.

In receiving from the people the sacred trust twice confided to my illustrious predecessor, and which he has discharged so faithfully and so well, I know that I cannot expect to perform the arduous task with equal ability and success. But, united as I have been in his counsels, a daily witness of his exclusive and unsurpassed devotion to his country's welfare, agreeing with him in sentiments which his countrymen have warmly supported, and permitted to partake largely of his confidence, I may hope that somewhat of the same cheering approbation will be found to attend upon my path. For him, I but express, with my own, the wishes of all—that he may yet long live to enjoy the brilliant evening of his well spent life; and for myself, conscious of but one desire, faithfully to serve my country, I throw myself, without fear on its justice and its kindness. Beyond that, I only look to the gracious protection of the Divine Being, whose strengthening support I humbly solicit, and whom I fervently pray to look down upon us all. May it be among the dispensations of his providence to bless our beloved country with honors and with length of days—may her ways be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace.

Washington, March 4th, 1837. MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Ex President Jackson left Washington on Tuesday morning on his journey to Tennessee, via Baltimore, and the Railroad. He was attended to the Washington depôt by Messrs. Van Buren and Johnson, and was further accompanied by Chief Justice Taney.

The Senate adjourned on Wednesday.

Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Senator from Missouri, is nominated for *next* President (1840) in the Democratic Herald, a strong and able Anti-Bank journal at Philadelphia.

The Fourth of March was celebrated by a festive gathering of the friends of Messrs. Van Buren and Johnson at Tammany Hall. The supper was excellent, the toasts piquant, and the guests in the gayest spirits. The Democrats of the Eighth Ward celebrated in like manner at the Richmond Hill House.

Fire at Portland.—The Portland Advertiser of Thursday, states that about half past 2 o'clock that morning, a fire broke out in a block of brick stores, corner of Middle and Exchange-streets, owned by Jas. Deering, Esq. which was got under after the destruction of most of the stock in the store of Mr. E. W. Appleton, and the shoe store of Mr. J. T. Lewis. Mr. A's. stock was valued at $14,000, on which $6,000 was insured at the Ocean Office, Portland, and $5,000 at the Atlas Office, Hartford; at which also Mr. L. had $3,000 insurance.—Building fully insured at the Manufacturers' Office, Boston.

Fire in Dorchester, Mass.—A cotton factory in Dorchester, occupied by F. A. Tufts, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning the 1st inst. Loss estimated at $32,000; on which there was an insurance of $20 000 at the Manufacturers' office in this town, and $3,000 at the Mutual office in Providence.

NEW-YORK.

☞ Our subscribers in arrears who intend emigrating to Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin on the opening of navigation, without adjusting our accounts against them, are informed that we have now a very extensive circulation in all the Western country, and that a letter of introduction through our Black List will go far to prevent their encumbering themselves with new debts in any part of that region.

To Agents.—It seems not to be distinctly understood by all our Agents that the lowest price of our paper is expressly based on the condition of payment in advance. Such is the fact, however, and we have asserted it so often that it ought by this time to be tolerably well known. When, therefore, money is sent us on subscriptions more than six months in arrears, we expect, and have a right to demand, the price stipulated in our published terms. We have given no Agent power to substitute any other terms for those, and none can be substituted so as to effect our rightful demand. If, then, a subscriber neglects to make advance payment he is liable for the ultimate price, and no Agent can discharge him except to his own detriment. But still less can we admit the right of an Agent to receive our money in advance, quietly pocket it, and at the end of three, six or nine months gravely forward it as an advance payment, deducting his commission! We have done enough of this kind of business—all we ever shall do. From the close of this volume the rule shall be inflexibly adhered to that an Agent who retains our money in his hands becomes liable for the increased price precisely as though it remained unpaid by the subscriber. No one can dispute the perfect fairness of this rule; and our books will abundantly demonstrate its imperious necessity.

We improve the opportunity to tender our fervent thanks to the warm friends who have kindly aided our enterprize by acting zealously, punctually and efficiently as local Agents for The New-Yorker. We know full well that the recompense is in most cases trifling, and that a generous interest in the success of our journal has been the stimulus of their exertions. We hope, nothing doubting, that they will continue to favor us with their good offices. We desire them particularly at this time, when we are about to strike some two thousand delinquents from our books, and would wish to include in the number all those who do not and will not pay. We ask every Agent, every Postmaster, every friend, to transmit us the names of all such within his knowledge; and if a good name can be sent to replace the bad one, we shall be doubly grateful. But it is only of our Agents that we can require this. From them, we ask a statement and a settlement of all accounts at least semi-annually—in the Spring and Autumn, or at the commencement of each Quarto Volume—as we wish each to consider this an indispensable condition of his Agency, and we shall cheerfully forego the advantage of his services if this cannot be complied with.

*** We propose to add 500 copies to our present Quarto edition. Those who first apply for them will be furnished with complete sets of the new Volume. We cannot afford to print large numbers on speculation, and have only wished to assure our distant friends an opportunity of supplying themselves. We therefore give notice thus early that we shall send full sets to all orders that reach us before the first of May, even at the cost of reprinting; after that period, we shall not feel bound to do so.

☞ We have on hand a number of old copies of The New-Yorker which do not form complete volumes, and which we would therefore dispose of on almost any terms. To those who would relish a cheap fund of general and light reading, who contemplate a voyage, who would like to send a file of American papers to friends abroad, or would like a wide field of selection for the manufacture of scrap-books, they would prove not undesirable. We will furnish a set of 1100 copies (no two alike) for $2. Orders through the Post-Office or otherwise will be gratefully received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines—"On the Death of a Sister" (Hernam) are declined.
"A True Story" (Y. P. S.) is filed for insertion.
"Lines to Powontonamo," &c. (Z.) are very bad.
"Apparitions" (A. B.) is gratefully accepted.
"The Mind" (C. L.) lack's rhyme and reason.
"Excerpts from my Common-place Book" (G. K.) will appear.
"Consumption," "Lines," & "A Steamboat Reverie," (E. W. B. C.) are welcomed to our columns. One of them will appear in our next. (P. S.) The duplicate copy reached us (9th inst.) four or five days after the first.
The January packet of our earliest and cherished correspondent 'Falconer' has but just reached us. If our private despatch should miscarry, we trust this paragraph will serve to assure him that his friendship and his contributions are alike highly valued.
The favor of our friend at Northfield, Vt. we have just received (Thursday evening) and have no time to examine this week.

"*The Life of Friedrich Schiller, comprehending an Examination of his Works.*"—The author of this elegant volume has rendered a service to the course of general literature. His biography is not merely a dry record of facts, names and dates, but a portrayal of the mental as well as personal history of the German poet. Occasional extracts and translations, not alone from his private memorials, but also from his more celebrated writings—'Wallenstein,' 'Wilhelm Tell,' and 'The Maid of Orleans,' are given. This is very rigid; yet the translations in themselves do not please us, and the biographer's ideas of poetic harmony must differ widely from ours. Still, the book will be read with equal profit and pleasure; and we commend it emphatically to those who read English only, yet desire an acquaintance with the profound and mystic literature of Germany.

A striking portrait of Schiller faces the title-page—which title-page, by the way, is wretchedly printed, while the residue of the book is unusually elegant. We can guess how this occurred—but no matter. (G. Dearborn.)

"*An Essay upon the Principles of Political Economy, designed as a Manual for Practical Men—By an American.*"—We have not given this little treatise that full consideration which the importance of the subject demands. So far as we have read, its positions and doctrines are judicious and sound, without aiming to be brilliant or strikingly novel. We believe it may be profitably perused and pondered by every citizen. The writer treats of the nature of Labor, Wages, Capital, Rent, Exchange of Commodities, Production, Consumption, Taxation, Protection, Currency, &c. with necessary brevity and remarkable perspicuity. With regard to controverted topics, he is moderately favorable to regulated paper issues, and in like manner opposed to the protection of domestic industry by duties on imports. His essay is well calculated to dispel the errors of uneducated prejudice which assert the natural or general hostility of Wealth to Indigence, of Capital to Labor, &c. &c. We may recur to it. (60 pp. 12mo. T. Foster.)

"*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*"—Foster's Republication of the January No. of this work is, as usual, superior in execution and appearance to the original, which it closely imitates. Contents: The Duke of Wellington's Despatches—Campaigns in India; Lucien Bonaparte and Friedrich Von Raumer; Letter from Capt. Basil Hall; The World We Live in; Sketches among the Poor; Alcibiades the Man; Democracy; The Violin; The Book of Baudoyn; The Tragical Passion of Marmaduke Pauli. The No. extends to 143 pages.

"*Manual of Phrenology or a Description of the Phrenological Organs, by Dr. R. H. Colyer, Phrenologist,*" &c.—We commend this little treatise (accompanied by a perspicuous chart) to the notice of the 'curious in fish sauce.' Dr. Colyer is among the most intelligent and least bigoted of his class—dogmatism being in our view one of the worst 'developements' of the phrenological apostles. Dr. C. may be consulted at his apartments, Peale's Museum, where he will say more good things for the bony science than we can imagine.

"*The Bachelor's Button; a Monthly Museum of Southern Literature*"—Such is the style and title of a new Magazine, of which two numbers have reached us from Mobile, Ala.—William B. Smith, Editor. It is well got up, and seems edited with talent—but we can say further on that point when we have read it thoroughly. C. Shepard, 189 Broadway, is Agent for the work in this city.

New Books.—Saunders & Otley have nearly ready for publication the following important new works:

General Lafayette's Memoirs, written by himself, and edited by his family, including many original letters, not inserted in the London and Paris editions. *Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of Women*, illustrated by a series of her vignette etchings. *Falkner*, a novel, by Mrs. Shelley. *The State Prisoner*, by Miss M. L. Boyle. *The Victim of Society*, by Lady Blessington. Miss Martineau's new work, entitled "*Society in America.*" Mr. Willis's new volume of Poems, &c.

The same publishers have also just issued a *third* edition of Mr. Grant's new work "*The Great Metropolis*"—two volumes in one, beautifully printed from the London stereotype plates.

Literary Humbug.—We have often protested, as we felt it our duty to do, against the invocation of the appropriate arts of quacks and mountebanks in aid of the noble cause of literature—against the desecration of the Temple of Knowledge by blending with its ministrations the paltry tricks and low juggles which befit rather the swindler or the buffoon—against the degradation of the press from its dignity and just self-respect to one of absolute grovelling at the feet of public contempt. We have felt it a duty to rebuke the preposterous and disgraceful self-glorification indulged in by some of the periodicals of the day, as gross offences against the canons of good taste, the fair fame of literature, and the rights of that very large proportion of the press which disdains a resort to such unworthy means for the procurement of patronage.—Acting under this conviction, we shall continue to expose the most glaring instances of this self-abasement, whenever an occasion shall offer—and such is the case at present.

The Ladies' Companion is a monthly miscellany of 48 octavo pages, edited—but no matter—often fairly embellished, and decently printed. There are many better Magazines in the country we know—that there are some no better, is probably the publisher's opinion. That publisher (who is likewise editor) is a young gentleman who doubtless does all in his power to render the work respectable, and toward him we have certainly no unkind feeling. Intrinsically, his publication would not now have received one line of censure from us. But he has chosen to adopt and practice upon the vicious system which we have ever most strongly condemned; and it is for this cause only that we arraign the Prospectus accompanying his last number at the bar of public opinion.

We have seen several performances of this class which indulged equally in rhodomontade, but nothing which approached it in the direct assertion of naked and invidious untruths. In the first paragraph, it is stated that this Companion "boasts a circulation nearly double that of any monthly magazine in America, and is daily increasing at the rate of twenty subscribers."!!! Now, if it be meant that the work *enjoys* any such patronage as it is said to '*boast*,' the assertion is untrue. The Knickerbocker, we know, has a greater circulation, or at any rate cannot be exceeded one-tenth instead of one-half. If our information be correct, the K. has the larger list by five hundred. The 'twenty a day' cannot be intended for home consumption. We pass to the next paragraph, which reads—

"Articles from the pens of the first authors in either Europe or America have appeared in the pages of the Ladies' Companion, during the two last volumes, without reference to expense: such as"—

Here follows a list of thirty-two writers, good, bad and indifferent—among them G. P. R. James, L. E. Landon, and J. G. Percival! The design here is plainly and undeniably to assure the ingenuous reader that all these have been *original contributors* to the Companion, in utter defiance of the truth. The miserable subterfuge by which it is intended to make the language susceptible of a different construction, only aggravates the enormity.

But this is not enough. Hear further—

"Negotiations have been commenced with an additional number of popular writers, for original contributions for the ensuing year, among them are

E. L. Bulwer,	Miss Leslie,	James G. Percival,
Mrs. E. Ellet,	Leigh Hunt,	Sargent Talfourd,
G. P. R. James,	Miss L. E. Landon,	Hon. Mrs. Norton,
	Lady Blessington."	

We have copied the names of but ten of the thirty with whom these negotiations are said to have been opened. If the publisher had chosen to state that he had opened a negotiation with ten of the twelve Apostles and expected original contributions from them for his next volume, the insult to the understandings of his readers and the public would have been not a whit more pointed.

We must quote the next paragraph of this Prospectus entire, as a specimen of the vigor and perspicuity of the Editor's style. This, be it remarked, is not contributed by Bulwer, James, or Lady Blessington, but flows from his own proper pen:

"It has ever been the aim of the proprietor to inculcate and promote the cause of morality. It cannot be denied that the periodical press exercise a decided influence upon the moral and intellectual character; and where that press is untrammelled by mercenary considerations of vicious principles, its effect must be elevating and refining to a community like that of America. With these views, every thing operating injuriously to morals or religion have been studiously avoided and not allowed a place in the Magazine; for, we hold those men as traitors to their country, who would seek to destroy the pure doctrines of virtue and religion, either by open opposition or secret intrigue. In sustaining the literary character of the Ladies Companion, the proprietor will not confine himself to the mere task of pleasing, without imparting vigor to the mind; but will endeavor to present both, that which will be attractive to superficial readers, as well as that which will furnish subjects for reflection to the student. No work in America presents its subscribers with such a melange of invaluable reading as the Ladies Companion, for its extremely low price *(three dollars a year;)* and letters are continually being received from Europe, inquiring how it is possible for a periodical to be issued at such a small rate, which proves its undeniable claims to the support of the American people, particularly those of the state of New-York and adjacent ones." [!!!]

We have copied *verbatim;* and the detection of the grosser outrages against the canons of the English tongue as well as of common sense will form a profitable exercise for beginners in the study of grammar.

One more paragraph, and we have done:

"It is not generally known to the public that each number of the Ladies Companion contains more reading than any other Magazine in America; and its subscription price *two dollars* less than those issued in New-York. A single page contains more than two pages of the other Magazines, and some of them three."

Can we err in assuming that the unblushing assertion and reiteration of such positive untruths is injurious to the general standing of periodical literature? This same Ladies' Companion does not contain, and never has contained, so much matter as The Knickerbocker, and the fact is as mathematically demonstrable as that 96 is more than 48. There is no room for doubt in the case. A volume of the Companion, costing three dollars, contains less matter than a semi-annual volume of the Quarto New-Yorker, costing half as much. It is cheap enough, however, regarding only its size; and no one would dispute its claims in that particular, if it did not accompany them by offensive and unjust allusions to its cotemporaries. These we are constrained to repel, more especially as those immediately affected will for that reason feel a repugnance to undertaking their refutation.

We take leave of the Companion, with the remark that it is by no means a solitary sinner against good taste and fair dealing in this way. We have others in our eye, and we may take an early opportunity of bringing them to the bar of public opinion.

Fire.—The stock of J. P. Crane's fancy store, 444 Pearl street, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night last. The building was not materially injured.

Polygamy.—John Bunner was sentenced in Livingston, last week, to three years' imprisonment in the State Prison, for bigamy. The prisoner confessed to *four* wives now living.

Vesuvius.—By the last accounts from Naples, volumes of smoke were issuing from the crater of Vesuvius, indicating the approach of a new eruption.

A Public Meeting of laborers and others dissatisfied with the present high prices of all the necessaries of life, was held, according to public notice, in the Park on Monday afternoon. It was called by a Committee of the Equal Rights or Loco Foco party. When organized, it was addressed with much spirit by Alexander Ming, jr., Job Haskell, and others, and very shortly thereafter quietly dispersed. We should estimate the number in attendance at three thousand strong. 'Down with Monopolies!'—'No Rag Money!'—were the watch-words; and the orators seemed to imagine that the evils of short crops would be entirely obviated,—hard winters and insects no longer injure wheat, or north-east storms and early frosts affect corn, if Bank notes below $100 were destroyed. From these views we beg leave to dissent, cheerfully conceding to those who differ from us the clear right to assemble and set forth their opinions. We do not believe the destruction of all Banks would at all improve the condition of the laboring classes, but the contrary; and we would entreat the apostles of the 'No Bank' faith to consider what would have been the condition of the laborers of this city during this winter of severity, if a want of employment had been added to their existing hardships. Destroy Banks to-morrow, and you destroy at once the means of employing and paying more than one million laborers now engaged upon enterprises sustained by Bank credits, and throw this great amount of laborers upon the remnant of business not sustained by Bank capital. A glut in the market must inevitably ensue; business stagnant, labor begging for employment as the means of averting starvation, and grasping wealth enabled to secure it for a bare trifle—perhaps for the price of six loaves of bread for a day's work, instead of twenty to forty, which it now commands. But we are verging upon an essay, when we only intended to chronicle a public assemblage.

The Packet Ship Erie, which was reported as lost on the coast of France on the 26th of December, came safely into this port on Tuesday morning last, to the great joy of our merchants, mariners and citizens. Capt. Funk brought the first news of her safety to her owners, who had all along refused to credit the story of her loss, and was himself warmly congratulated at the Exchange, and at every corner, by the merchants and business men, with whom he has long been deservedly popular. He states that he experienced a tremendous gale, as has been reported, during the night after he left Havre, and throughout the following day, but his ship rode it out without injury; and his protracted passage is attributable to the fact, that he was becalmed forty days off the coast of Newfoundland, where he arrived within thirty days after sailing. He was within six miles of Sandy Hook on Monday evening, while insurance had been effected on his cargo during that day at 50 per cent.! The value of the entire cargo is above half a million of dollars.

The U. S. Frigate Potomac, Capt. J. B. Nicholson, arrived at Norfolk on Saturday last, from the Mediterranean via the coast of Africa and Brazil, 39 days from Rio Janeiro. On the 31st December, at Bassa Cove, a boat from the Potomac unfortunately capsized on the bar, by which accident Midshipman Alexander H. Wells, and Peter Eynaud, Purser's Steward, and seven men, were drowned.

The U. S. Frigate Constitution, (Old Ironsides,) Com. Jesse D. Elliot, was at Lisbon on the 16th of January.

A Fire occurred at Norfolk, Virginia, on Saturday last, by which four or five buildings, occupied as stores, were destroyed.

Fire in Buffalo.—A new two-story brick building in Pearl street, near Chippewa, belonging to Mr. G. S. Hallenbeck, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. Loss $4,000.

Sugar from Chestnuts is beginning to be manufactured in France.

Accident.—Two engines on the Lowell rail-road, coming in opposite directions, while the rails were rendered smoother by ice, could not be arrested in time to prevent a collision, whereby the tenders were much broken, and several persons were thrown off the cars, without, however, serious injury. The engine from Lowell, being reversed, and without its engineer, went back with full speed till the steam was exhausted.

City Election.—The Annual Election of Charter Officers for our city will take place early in the ensuing month. Hon. C. W. Lawrence, it is understood, declines a reelection as Mayor. Alderman Varian, of the Twelfth Ward, is talked of as the 'Democratic' candidate for the succession. Some of the Wards have already nominated candidates for Aldermen and Assistants, and in all at least two, and in many, three tickets will be formed.

Alderman Aaron Clark, of the First Ward, has been nominated for next Mayor by the Whig and Native American Conventions. He is a gentleman to whom, we believe, no exceptions will be taken, except such as refer to his politics.

New-York and Erie Rail-road.—The following is the Report of the officers of the New-York and Erie Rail Road, made to the Secretary of State, and laid before the Legislature in accordance with a resolution of the Assembly, on the 24th ult.

The Directors of the New-York and Erie Rail Road Company, exhibit the following account of their proceedings and expenditures during the year ending the 31st day of December, 1836, to be filed in the office of the Secretary of State, according to the 19th section of the act incorporating the company.

The graduation of the section of forty and an half miles in length, in the counties of Delaware and Sullivan, mentioned in the report filed by the company in the office of the Secretary of State, in January last, as having been put under contract, has been commenced by the contractors, and actively prosecuted by them during the year now last past. The amount of work done during that year by these contractors on those sections as reported by the engineers of the company, is $165,010 78, of which the company has paid to the contractors, in cash, $121,939 49.

The lands on that section necessary for the construction of the road, and its appurtenances, have been ceded gratuitously to the company by the persons owning, or claiming to own the same, except in ten instances, in which the company have instituted legal proceedings before the Vice Chancellor, in the mode prescribed by the act of incorporation, to value the lands so taken. The aggregate amount of those valuations, as finally confirmed by the Vice Chancellor, is $3,105, and has been either paid to the claimants or deposited in bank, as required by the said act.

The company have also located a section of their road near the west side of the Hudson river, and extending into the same at or near Tappan landing, in the town of Orange, in Rockland county, and have commenced the graduation of that section. They have paid, on account of the same, during the year now last past, the sum of $4,000. Upon the residue of the line, or the greater part thereof, the engineers of the company have been diligently employed in revising the line preparatory to a final location, and particularly in surveying and examining, with great care, the several harbors on Lake Erie, in the county of Chatauque. Their examinations have resulted in enabling them materially to shorten and straighten the line, and improve the grades of the road, which will first approach lake Erie at the harbor of Dunkirk.

The amount disbursed by the company, during the said year, for the expenses of engineering, has been $65,713 93, and for office rent, salaries, and other incidental expenses, $12,725 87, as will appear more particularly by the annexed account, verified by their Secretary, and which, as the undersigned verily believe, truly states the receipts and expenditures of the company during that year.

JAMES G. KING,
SAM. B. RUGGLES.

Upper Canada Bank.—The last Kingston Chronicle contains in a postcript the following important proceedings:—The Bank of Upper Canada has merged with the Provincial Bank, by an act of the Assembly. The board of the new institution to consist of fifteen directors—eight to be chosen by the Lieutenant Governor, and seven by the stockholders. The stock of the Commercial Bank is to be increased to $2,000,000. The bill to allow foreigners to buy, hold and sell real estate, has passed the Assembly. The Welland canal bill has passed the Council, as it was received from the Lower House.

An attempt was made to rob the Waltham Bank on the night of the 27th of February without success. The robbers so injured the lock that the bank could not be entered for two hours, by those who were legally entitled to the entree. [Express.

SECRESY.—Alexander once told an important secret to one of his attendants, with strict charge not to talk of it, but in a little time the secret got abroad. Alexander was greatly offended, and consulted one of the sages of Greece as to how he should punish the man who had betrayed him. The sage replied, "Do nothing to him; it is you that have betrayed your own secret; if you could not keep it yourself, no wonder that it was too much for another." Persian Tales.

ANCIENT BELLES.—In 1607, one Wilkinson published a sermon on Proverbs xxxi, 41: 'She is like a merchant's ship, she bringeth her food from afar.' It contains the following passage: But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is too much rigging. Oh! what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile, with her tacklings and her mast, and her tops, and her topgallants, with her upper decks, and her lower decks, and so bedecket with her streamers, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea but a world of wonders is it to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardlie know her, with her plumes, her fannes, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe like a saile, yea a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell, I think, which way the winde will blowe." p 45.
Newark Advertiser.

The Mobile Typographical Association celebrated the first Anniversary of its formation by a festive gathering at the Alabama Hotel on the evening of the 18th ult.—Daniel D. Wyatt, President. The Editors of the city, with many other gentlemen of literary or political distinction, were among the guests—Mr. Keeley the comedian and Arthur F. Keene the vocalist included. The toasts were witty, spirited, and numerous—we covet room for a selection, but have it not. (Our fervent thanks for the too flattering evidences of personal regard with which we were honored.) The following Ode transmitted for the occasion was sung with great spirit by Mr. Keene:

ODE....BY H. GREELEY.

Air—'*Come, strike the bold anthem.*'

I.

Wake, wake the loud chorus—our bosoms are swelling
With rapture and pride on this festival day;
O, surely some spirit is kindly dispelling
The clouds that o'ershadow Life's wearisome way.
We bow to the spell—and while true hearts surround us,
And voices of gladness our accents prolong,
We yield, in the tie which as brothers has bound us,
This hour to our ART—to Joy, Freedom and Song.

II.

All hail to the PRESS!—on the dark tide of Error,
The hopes of mankind for long ages were tossed;
At Tyranny's scourge the world trembled in terror,
And Reason in Bigotry's mazes was lost.
But hark! o'er that dim wave an earthquake is booming,
A pillar of fire towers aloft o'er the sea,
With a far flashing light the horizon illuming—
The Day-Star has risen, and Man shall be free.

III.

Ay, Man shall be free!—From that moment of glory,
When the genius of FAUST burst in light on the world,
Hath Tyranny's ensign, torn, trampled, and gory,
Waned before the fair banner of Freedom unfurled.
From the Rhine vales, which echoed that war-cry's first pealing,
To the wild wooded shores the Missouri's tide laves,
Each pause in the fight is more clearly revealing
The triumph of freemen, the terror of slaves.

IV.

Heaven speed the proud cause of the world's renovation!
May Virtue and Truth our ART ever befriend;
While from each it may claim, in our deep adoration,
A heart to uphold it—an arm to defend.
Then flourish the PRESS! Freedom's vanguard adorning,
The light of past ages reflecting on this;
And Earth shall yet bloom in the freshness of morning,
An Eden of Glory, of Knowledge and Bliss!

THEATRES.—*Masonic Hall* is to be torn down in a few weeks, and the new Theatre of Messrs. Abbot and Stevens is to go up. Still another is talked of, to be located at Tattersalls, further up Broadway. The National opens a week from Monday, under the management of Mr. Hackett.

Miss Frances Ann Emery.—In giving a brief notice last week of the several Theatres in our city, we omitted to mention the Franklin. We were reminded of the omission by a friend who requests us to state that the young lady whose name heads this paragraph will open an engagement on Tuesday of next week, at this Theatre, in the play of "Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva"—herself assuming the character of *Therese*. She is spoken of as correct in her dramatic delineations, a proficient in the duties of her station, although quite young—and while Celeste and Augusta are coining fortunes by dumb shows and dances, we see no reason why those who use the organ of speech should not, to say the least, be encouraged. Miss Emery is a native of New-York, and this is her first appearance before a New-York audience. The phrase 'native talent' is usually cabalistic with our Theatre-going population, and having used it, we leave the farther consideration of the subject to our readers.

Married,

On Thursday, 2d ult. by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. John Van Wert to Miss Julia Frances Ball.
On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Ostrander, Mr. Theodore Coaklin to Miss Nancy Shaw.
On Wednesday, by Rev. Mr. Henderson, Mr. C. De Forest Grant to Miss E. Adeline, daughter of Richard Suydam, Esq. all of this city.
On Wednesday, by Rev. Wm. Parkinson, Mr. Stephen H. Sammis to Miss Julia A. daughter of John Corley.
On Wednesday, by Rev. Dr. Lyell, Mr. Samuel Odell to Miss Elizabeth Ann Hitchcock.

Died,

On the 13th ult. Mr. Charles Edmund Brown, aged 21 years.
On Saturday, Frances, daughter of Joseph Roby, aged 8 years.
On Wednesday, Mr. James M'Intyre, aged 32 years.
On Wednesday, Dr. Samuel Hart, aged 25 years.
On Wednesday, Mrs. Jane Hopping.
On Thursday, Mrs. Mary Ann White, aged 21 years.
On Thursday, Mrs. Janet Goddard, aged 54 years.

JEWS IN CHINA.—There is a colony of Jews in China, at Kee-foong-foo, of whom Mr. Davis, in his work on the Chinese, gives some interesting particulars.—They are said to have reached China as early as 200 years before Christ; the Chinese call them "the sect that plucks out the sinew." There is a place reserved in their synagogue for its chief, who never enters there except with profound respect. They say that their ancestors came from a kingdom of the west, called the kingdom of Judah, which Joshua conquered after having departed from Egypt and passed the Red Sea and the Desert; that the number of Jews who migrated from Egypt was about 600,000 men. They say their alphabet has 27 letters, but they commonly make use of only 22, which accords with the declaration of St. Jerome, that the Hebrew has 22 letters, of which five are double. When they read the Bible in their synagogue they cover the face with a transparent veil, in memory of Moses, who descended from the mountain with his face covered, and who thus published the Decalogue and the law of God to his people; they read a section every Sabbath day. Thus the Jews of China, like the Jews of Europe, read all the law in the course of the year.

THE NEW-YORKER.

On Saturday, the 25th of March, the subscribers will issue the first number of the Fourth Volume of The New-Yorker in its folio or ordinary newspaper form, on an entirely new and more beautiful type prepared expressly for their journal.

The general character and scope of The New-Yorker will remain unchanged. It will still aim to combine in the highest attainable degree the useful with the agreeable—substantial information with a pleasing interest—the instruction of the mind with the improvement of the heart. It will still be devoted in nearly equal proportions to Literature in its more restricted sense and to the current Intelligence of the day. Under the first department, (comprising the two outer pages of the sheet,) will be presented original and selected Tales, Essays, Poems, Reviews of new books of general interest, Extracts from the most popular and deserving works in press or just given to the public, brief Biographical, Historical, Desultory, and Humorous Sketches, Anecdotes, &c. &c. The department of Intelligence more especially (comprising the inner form of the paper) will embody the News of the Day, Foreign and Domestic, proceedings of Congress and acts of the National Executive, and more summarily of the State Legislature, with a still briefer notation of the more important Legislative measures of other States; also an impartial account of all important political movements and doings throughout the Union,—Conventions, Nominations, Elections, &c. &c. Beside these, the Editorial columns of the paper will contain free but courteous comments upon acts of legislation and other measures of public importance in force or in contemplation, avoiding as far as possible any allusion to or interference with party politics, local or National—exhibiting, whenever practicable, the arguments opposed to the views editorially advanced, and laboring rather to enforce the full and consistent application of acknowledged political truths than ambitiously to strike out new paths and propound new doctrines. Brief notices of new books, pamphlets, periodicals, and occasionally of the Drama and other sources of public amusement, will likewise be given.

New-York, Feb. 25, 1837. H. GREELEY & CO.

CONDITIONS.

The New-Yorker (folio) will be published every Saturday morning on a large imperial sheet of good paper and forwarded to its patrons, city and country, at Two Dollars per annum in advance. If not paid in advance, the price will be $2 50 within the year, or $3 when payment is delayed till its expiration. Any person remitting $10 free of postage or other charge will be entitled to six copies for one year, and in like proportion for any larger number.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be issued every Saturday evening, on a larger and better sheet (26 by 40) in a form expressly calculated for preservation. Each number will consist of sixteen pages of three columns each, (of the same width and about half the length of those of the folio,) and contain, beside all the matter of the folio excluding advertisements, two or three columns of additional literary selections, and a page of Music, prepared expressly for this paper under the supervision of a distinguished Professor and teacher of music. In this form, The New-Yorker is considerably the largest and most comprehensive weekly journal suitable for binding in America.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be forwarded to its subscribers for Three Dollars per annum in advance. Where payment is not made in advance, $3 50 will be required; if delayed till the expiration of the year $4. For six months the price will be $2 in advance. Any person who forwards us $5 positively free of postage or other charge, will be entitled to two copies for one year, and in the same proportion for a larger sum; but no subscriptions received through Agents will be taken on any other terms than those given above. No contracts made by any person whatever on other than our published terms will be acknowledged or ratified by the publishers; and they, being determined to fulfil to the utmost limit their obligations to their patrons, will in all cases insist on a like fulfilment of the consideration.

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, Editors who receive this Prospectus *marked* will publish it if they see fit, and thereby be entitled to receive our paper in either form for the ensuing year. Those who do not so receive it will understand that the enormous extent of our exchange list renders a curtailment absolutely necessary, and that we do not wish them to place us under further obligation. From this date, we do not desire that any one shall so favor us unless specially requested.

SPLENDID PREMIUM ATLAS.

BRADFORD'S COMPREHENSIVE ATLAS.—FREEMAN HUNT & Co. 141 Nassau st. are the publishing agents for Bradford's new and beautiful Atlas. It received the premium at the late fair of the American Institute. It is acknowledged by all who have examined it, the most full, comprehensive and splendid work of the kind ever published in this country, and probably in the world. It forms a quarto volume, and combines about one hundred elegant and correct maps, plans and charts, and a vast amount of Geographical, Statistical, Historical, Literary and Commercial information, in immediate connexion with the maps.

The publishers have received commendatory notices from several hundred distinguished individuals, and the periodical press throughout the country has been unanimous in their approval of the plan and execution of the work. The following are a few brief extracts from the journals of the day:

From Samuel H. Cox, Professor of Elocution in Auburn Theological Seminary.

"Of the transcendent worth every way of the Comprehensive Atlas, there can be, among judges, but one opinion. It is an honor to the science, the taste and the fine arts of our country, and if not properly appreciated and patronized by our countrymen, Europe may censure us for another and a more dishonorable fault."

From Professor Dewey, of Rochester Academy.

"The Comprehensive Atlas does more than justice to its name. It needs but a few moments' examination to satisfy the mind that it contains, besides its beautiful maps, a great amount of information on a great variety of interesting subjects. It is indeed a magazine of knowledge, for which the person of general intelligence finds constant application. Not only the scholar, but every intelligent family, having the adequate means, should possess it. It is original in its plan, beautiful in its execution, authentic in its statements, and worthy of the patronage of the public."

Extract of a letter from the Hon. Judge Thompson of Poughkeepsie.

"It is seldom that such a vast amount of information is found condensed in so small a compass, and to be procured at so moderate a price. The arrangement is judicious."

From J. R. Bartlett, Esq. Librarian Providence Athenæum.

"To give my individual opinion of your Atlas, I must say it is superior to anything of the kind ever published in this country, and is not excelled by similar English Atlases, which cost from 20 to $30.

From the Rev. Robert W. Harris, Rector of Grace Church, White Plains

"From the completeness of its design and the excellence of its execution it seems calculated to supersede publications heretofore in use."

From T. B. Welsh, D. D. Albany,

"It is a most admirable work, and excels everything of the kind I have ever seen."

From Rev. George Bush, Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature in New York University, New York city.

"Having devoted some time to an examination of the general plan and execution of the Comprehensive Atlas, I am happy to express my full conviction of the superior merits and value of the work.

"Though designed mainly (as indicated by the title) as an Atlas, yet it contains, in addition, a vast amount of information, Geographical, Statistical, Political, and Scientific, selected, condensed and arranged with great judgement, and marked by a character of *authenticity and accuracy which entitles it to the most implicit confidence.*

"It is, in fact, a kind of *Typographical Encyclopedia*, containing a storehouse of just that sort of knowledge which no person of general information can do without."

From Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston.

"It must be a very valuable book of reference, as it is the depository of a greater mass of knowledge and information upon the subjects falling within the plan of it, than can be found in any other book now before the public."

From the Hon. William Sullivan, of Boston.

"Considering its contents, it is the cheapest work ever offered to the public."

From Rev. Dr. Matthews, of the N. Y. University.

"It comprehends an unusual variety of important information, happily condensed and arranged."

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"I regard Mr. Bradford's Atlas, as one of the most valuable works that has ever been offered to the public."

From Rev. H. P. Bogue, of Vernon, N. J.

"It is not only the best thing of the kind ever issued from the American press, but is worth more than them all put together."

From Rev. J. W. Adams, of Syracuse.

"Mr. Bradford's Atlas very far surpasses any anything of the kind heretofore offered to the public. A few years ago I paid for Finley's General Atlas, embracing about 60 maps, with not a word of Statistical or Geographical information in the work, ten dollars, and it was then considered cheap. The present work is incomparably more valuable than that."

From Rev Mr. Skinner, of Utica.

"I most sincerely believe, not only that no work of the kind, exceeding it in value, has been published in this country, but that nothing from the American press has yet made any near approximation to it in the extent of its design, the utility of its object, and the neatness and beauty of its execution."

From the Liverpool Journal.

"These comparative charts are invaluable, and we must say that such a *multum in parvo* of general and useful information we have never before seen collected, or in a form so convenient for reference. The maps, beautifully engraved, are worthy the immense fund of information, which the letter-press affords. It is the only work of the kind in the world."

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"The arrangement possesses great advantages, and the work is executed in a style to render it in every respect acceptable to the public. The editor has had rare advantages for the preparation of such a volume, and no one can make better use than he, of his opportunities."

From the New York Christian Intelligencer.

"We know of no other work of the size and price at all to be compared with this work in real solid worth on this interesting branch of the sciences. The numerous maps and plates are finely executed. We recommend this new, beautiful and admirable Atlas, to our readers as the most comprehensive, convenient, and best executed of any with which we are acquainted."

From the New Yorker.

"We have seen no American publication which for thorough practical universal utility and fidelity of execution, can compare with this. It forms a complete encyclopedia of geographical and natural science—more perfect as well as comprehensive, than any which has fallen under our observation."

From the Parlor agazine.

"We are free to say, and that too without fear of contradiction, that a more splendid, useful and comprehensive work never emanated from the American press."

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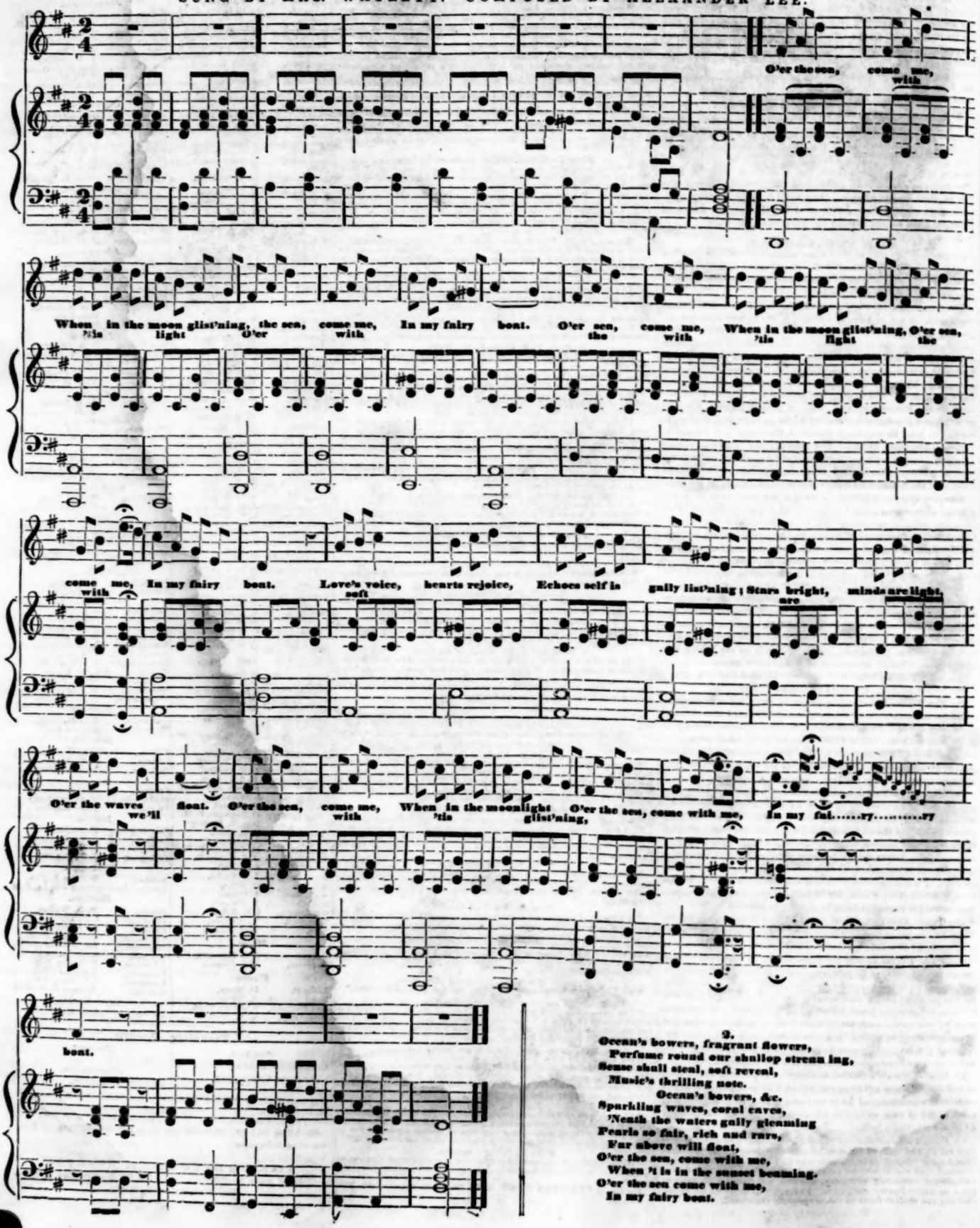

2.

Ocean's bowers, fragrant flowers,
Perfume round our shallop streaming,
Sense shall steal, soft reveal,
Music's thrilling note.
Ocean's bowers, &c.
Sparkling waves, coral caves,
'Neath the waters gaily gleaming
Pearls so fair, rich and rare,
Far above will float,
O'er the sea, come with me,
When 't is in the sunset beaming.
O'er the sea come with me,
In my fairy boat.